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LONDON NEWS

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER



1980


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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Christmas Number 1980

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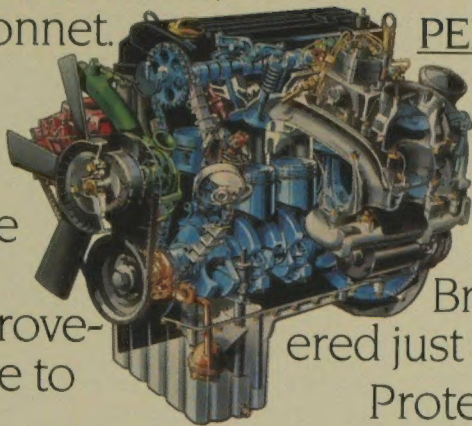
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Celebrating Christmas

by Dr Robert Runcie, Archbishop of Canterbury

Like many of the most cherished English traditions, the traditional Christmas is of comparatively recent origin. Many of the most familiar ingredients were adopted in the late 19th century in a revival of the Christmas festivities which reversed at least a century and a half of decline.

In 1842 Tennyson lamented in his *Epic* that "all the old honour had from Christmas gone or dwindled down to some old games in some odd nooks". A little earlier in 1833 we find in the records of the Carlton Club that it was possible to summon the Committee to a routine meeting on December 25, an unthinkable suggestion today. Charles Lamb remarked, "old Christmas . . . cometh not with his wonted gait, he is shrunk nine inches in the girth".

The causes of this shrinkage are partly traceable to the campaign against Christmas mounted under the Commonwealth. This culminated in a "terrible remonstrance against Christmas Day" grounded upon Divine Scriptures—2 Corinthians V, 16, Corinthians XV, 14, 17—which was presented to Parliament in 1652. As a result on December 24 that year Parliament enacted that December 25 should not be observed either in Church or in any other way. Town criers were enlisted to remind the populace of this prohibition in succeeding years.

There was an attempt to revive the Christmas festivities when the monarchy was restored in 1660, but the 18th century was a cold climate for symbol and ceremony and the decay of Christmas customs continued. Although Christmas Day was theoretically still one of the three great festivals of the Church of England year, the Church services that were held were often apparently only sparsely attended (on Christmas Day, 1800, there were only six communicants at St Paul's Cathedral).

There was an astonishing rejuvenation however of the old Christmas in the middle years of the 19th century. The quickening of religious life and the taste for colour and homely ritual in a world of explosive change and industrial drabness all contributed to the popularity of foreign imports such as Christmas trees from Germany which rapidly established themselves as indispensable elements in a newly minted traditional Christmas. Christmas cards were invented and the custom of giving presents on Christmas Day replaced the older New Year exchange of gifts. The repertoire of carols was enlarged and carol singing once again became popular, partly as the result of the efforts of Archbishop Benson, who was responsible for introducing the service of Nine Lessons and Carols in 1880 when he was Bishop of Truro.

In the period between 1843, when Dickens's story *A Christmas Carol* was published, and the end of the century Christmas festivities took a form which they largely retain. This century there have been some developments however, particularly intended to express and celebrate the Christian roots of the festival. The Nativity Play has been reintroduced after some hundreds of years of neglect and the Crib is now a feature in most churches and even in many public places. Most important of all, Midnight Communion, hardly known in the non-Roman Catholic Churches before the First World War, has now established itself as the principal service for Christmas.

It would be foolish to repudiate any of this tradition. Although there are sentimental excesses and the kind of over-indulgence in food and drink which can blot out of our consciousness the need of those outside our immediate family circle, Christmas remains hugely enjoyable and able still to promote what a 17th-century writer, Nicholas Breton, described as "a memory of the Heavens' love and the World's peace, the mirth of the honest and the

meeting of the friendly".

The realization of how recently introduced are most of the customs which help us to express the ancient message of Christmas can be a stimulus to our imagination in the areas where the contemporary celebration of Christmas is often disappointing and threadbare. In particular there are frequent complaints about the aridity of many family Christmases when an over-abundance of food and drink leaves mother exhausted by the preparations and the rest of the family littered over the easy chairs like extinct volcanoes. It is only too easy to be fortified by somnolence and undemanding TV shows against receiving the deeper notes of the Christmas message.

This Christmas the family might try experimenting with different ways of "bringing home" the meaning of the Christmas story. At a time when our senses can be battered into a dyspeptic dullness we need to devise fresh ways of celebrating in the home and experiencing "the Heavens' love and the World's peace".

There are numerous ideas in circulation already. On Christmas Eve some families set aside a period in the evening when they can be together in peace and quiet. Often our response to things is so shallow because we allow an efficient record player or some favourite programme to supply our feelings for us. The peaceful interlude can be used as an opportunity for the youngest member of the family to tell the story of the Christ Child's birth or for the parents to read from the Gospel.

On Christmas Day itself, just before the meal, it is a custom in some families for one of the children to light a single candle in the middle of the table as a sign of the coming of Jesus, the Light of the World. There is another Christmas Dinner custom already widespread which seems to be increasing in popularity. Christmas is not only a time for families but also an occasion for welcoming strangers. Many people make a habit of including an elderly neighbour or a foreign student in their celebrations and there can be no better way than this of demonstrating the Christmas Spirit.

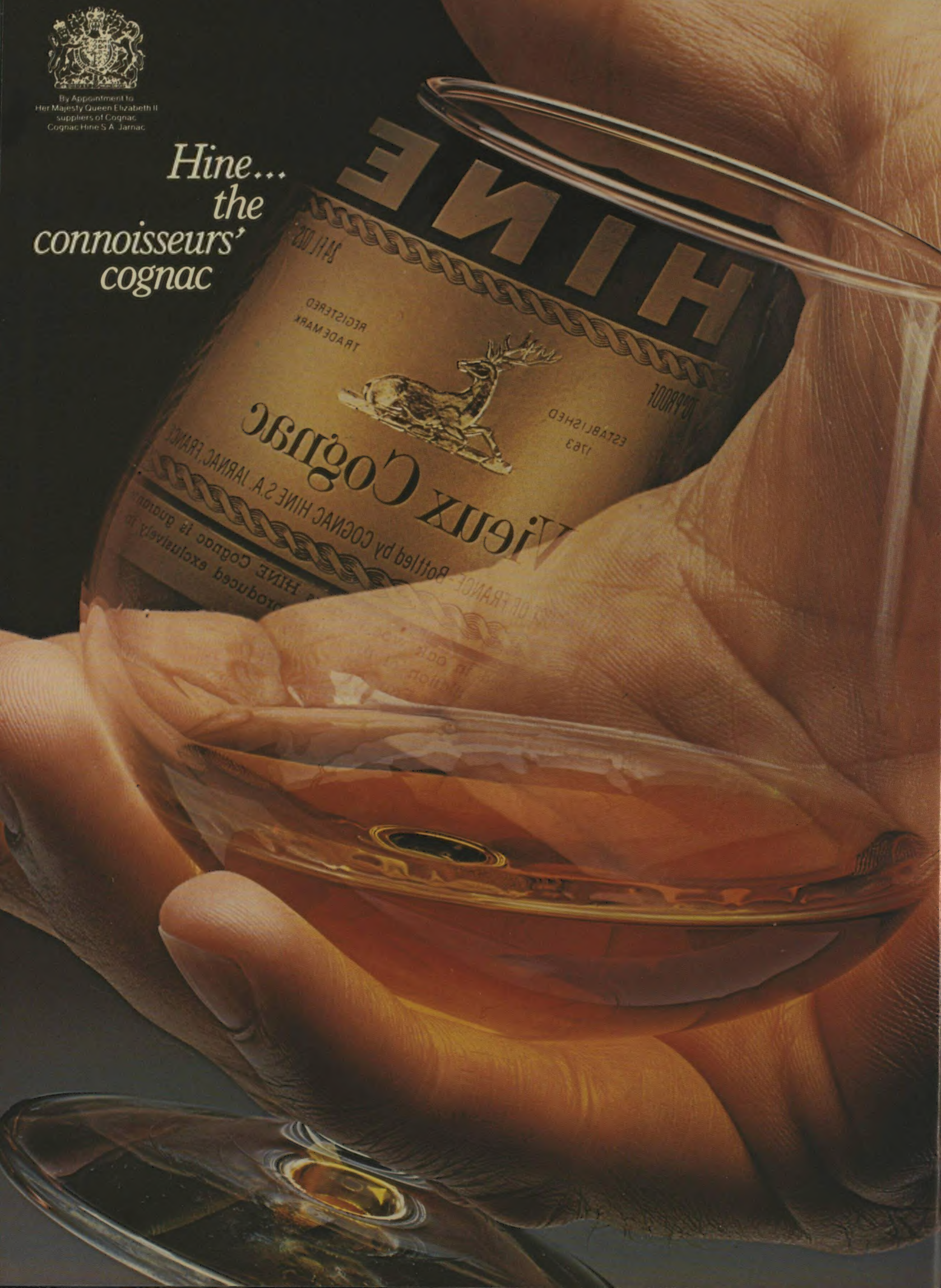
After contracting in the late 18th and early 19th centuries the Christmas public holiday is once more expanding to embrace the New Year and this has revealed the poverty of our modern celebration of the Twelve Days of the Christmas festival. The Church does provide its own special services for these days but they seem to be hardly marked at all in most people's homes. For younger children January 6, the Festival of the Epiphany, when the visit of the Wise Men to the stable in Bethlehem is recalled, might be the day for a hunt for a small model of the Christ Child in his crib hidden somewhere in the house. This might also be the day when, as we remember the Wise Men bringing their gifts, we consider our own giving and develop the custom of sending on some gift to Christian Aid or Oxfam for use in their work among the hungry and destitute in less fortunate parts of the world than our own.

The possibilities are inexhaustible. Some of these suggestions may not be practical and there will certainly be better ideas in circulation. Some will survive and spread as rapidly as did the Christmas tree in the 1840s and 50s, while most perhaps will soon be forgotten. Real mirth and the deepest enjoyment, however, come from a celebration of Christmas which is not prepackaged by commercial interests. We need to find ways of telling the old story of the Christ Child in our own voice and we need to enter imaginatively into the message of Christmas by putting our own accent on traditional customs and not being too bashful to create our own.



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Medieval paintings from Norway

The paintings on these pages, telling the Christmas story, date from about 1300 and were originally sited on a painted vault in the church at Ål, Hallingdal, Norway.

When the 12th-century church was demolished in 1880 the painted vault was taken down and it has been reassembled and is on display in the University Museum of National Antiquities in Oslo.

The paintings are on wood and similar ones, in style and date, depicting Christ in Majesty and the Apostles, exist in the church at Torpo, not far away from Ål.



The Annunciation









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Making the most of winter



SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA

Artists throughout the centuries have been inspired by winter and winter pursuits, and although George Cruikshank's illustration of *The Dover and London Mail Stuck in a Drift* may illustrate some of the dangers and discomforts of winters past, the following pages show some hibernal compensations: the joys of a hunt on a crisp morning; the quiet pleasure of hobbies pursued by the fireside; the gustatory delights that usually accompany the season; fun and games in the snow or on the ice; party invitations; and opportunities for Christmas charity, whether to human or to non-human recipients.

"Lusty winter, frosty but kindly", carries its own pleasures.







SOTHERY'S BELGRADE VIA

Opposite, *La chasse* by René Princeteau (1844-1914), from the Robert Noortman Gallery, 8 Bury Street, St James's, SW1. The artist was a friend of the Toulouse-Lautrec family and one of Henri's mentors.

Above, *The Young Kite Makers* by Harry Brooker, signed and dated 1897. The artist, who painted domestic genre scenes, particularly those including children, worked between 1876 and 1902.

Left, *A Still-Life* by Pieter Claesz (1597/8-1661), signed with monogram and dated 1644, from the Robert Noortman Gallery. A pupil of Van Dyck, Claesz specialized in still-life paintings and these typically included a peeled lemon, bread and a beaker of wine. The large glass with raspberry prunts appears in many of his works.

Overleaf, *The Curling Match* by John Ritchie, who worked between 1858 and 1875.



ROBERT NOORTMAN GALLERY





PHILLIPS



SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA



SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA

Top, *A Winter Landscape* by Frederick Marianus Kruseman, signed and dated 1870, sold by Phillips for £26,000 last November. Above, *Cold Comfort* by John Templeton Lucas. Right, *Madame se chauffe* by John Callcott Horsley, signed and dated 1871.



Connoisseurship



Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky

A menagerie of verses

The illustrations on this and the following pages are from *Martin Leman's Book of Beasts*, recently published by Gollancz, in which the artist gives us his personal vision of a dozen animals which are further characterized by verses written by Colin Pearson. For example we are warned of the strange effect the moon has on the baboon and of the perilous potential of the lioness and her mate; we are told of the boring diet of the koala bear, of the mournful personality of the walrus and the contrary character of the camel. Belloc, it will be remembered, performed a similar function for other animals earlier in the century.



The Tiger looks extremely fit;
Not overweight one tiny bit;
In tip-top shape for fighting.
He's very fierce, I won't pretend
You'd want a Tiger for a friend.
His teeth are sharpened at the end;
His claws are not inviting.
So if you meet one in the street,
Just say you've got a train to meet,
And maybe you'll be writing,



The Monkey, if put to the test,
Might make a safer tea-time guest.
(And yet you might regret it.)
He'd scoff the flowers by mistake;
Your nicest crockery he'd break;
You'd go to cut the birthday cake,
And find that he had ate it,
A Monkey, or a Chimpanzee,
Though both would love to come to tea . . .
On second thoughts, forget it.



The Leopard you would not mistake,
If she popped round to share a cake:
She'd wear a spotted sweater.
A Leopard will not change her spots.
Don't try to hint that polka dots,
Or stripes, or small forget-me-nots,
Might suit her figure better.
In spite of fashion's changing ways,
With spots a Leopard *always* stays.
(If I were you I'd let her.)

A menagerie of verses



Now let us meet the Polar Bear.
He lives in Polar places where
It's never truly sunny.
And for this reason, I suppose,
He's often cold between the toes.
And what about his Polar nose?
It must be rather runny.
I shouldn't think it's very nice
To live among the Polar ice.
But Polar Bears do. Funny.

Tribute to Tunnickliffe



On the following pages we publish an extract from *Portrait of a Country Artist* (Gollancz, £10), in which Ian Niall pays tribute to the artist-craftsman beloved by millions for his studies of birds and animals, and his evocations of the countryside, such as *Ploughing*, above.



Tribute to Tunnicliffe

The first edition of Henry Williamson's *Tarka the Otter*, published in 1928, was without illustration. The illustrated edition came out in 1932 and the illustrator was Charles Tunnicliffe. I remember the book and the Tunnicliffe engravings for they seemed as much of an inspiration as Williamson's own work. A lot of people of my generation discovered the work of Charles Tunnicliffe in the next decade. Although I came to know and admire his work, and he had by then illustrated two of my books, it wasn't until the middle of the 1960s that I met him. Our first meeting was in connexion with a television programme I was doing at that time. He proved to be exactly the kind of man our correspondence had led me to expect, a man who knew farm animals and husbandry as intimately as I knew them myself. Our backgrounds were similar. He was the son of a shoemaker turned farmer. My grandfather had been a blacksmith before he turned farmer. We had actually shared the same publisher, for Putnam who published *Tarka the Otter* had given Charles his first commission as an illustrator and had taken my first novel. In a way we had walked the same path. What I have come to know of Tunnicliffe prompts me to write this memoir of his life and art . . .

This book is by way of being a testament to Tunnicliffe's devotion to his subject. There is no drama of struggles with the component parts of dead horses, or starvation in the garret, because Tunnicliffe was never a soul in torment. His struggles were to cultivate his talent. It may be that he couldn't afford to indulge outward signs of that boiling frustration all artists are supposed to suffer from, but Tunnicliffe's was a basically phlegmatic nature. Like most of us, he remembered his frustrations and the way he was exploited once or twice but few artists would survive, or their works see the light of day, without exploitation of their talent somewhere along the line. What concerned Tunnicliffe was the production of work of the highest standard, and work that was authentic in detail. If he drew a collection of shore birds at roost, the dwarf gorse, the sea pinks, the rock plants in their background had to satisfy the eye of the botanist just as the plumage of the birds had to satisfy the ornithologist. He was a perfectionist. He did everything with meticulous attention to detail as a matter of personal pride. No one would find his group of birds, or preening swan, imperfect as the result of casual or careless observation. Charles Tunnicliffe was fortunate in that his steady cultivation of his art and the excellence of his output brought him recognition. Recognition as a bird artist certainly brought him a degree of happiness far beyond any kind of financial benefit. "I feel I know my birds," he told me . . .

Tunnicliffe had an instinct for the portrayal of natural behaviour in animals. It was a large part of his gift. His public recognized his artistry when they

looked at his birds or his horses in a field, cropping necks under a rowan tree or looking over a fence. The viewer immediately sees something that was elusive but is now fixed, arrested as though a ciné projector had stopped abruptly on a single frame. There was, however, a great range of Tunnicliffe's bird artistry which the public did not see—his sketchbooks and field notes. In addition to these were the "bird maps", as Charles Tunnicliffe himself called them. The bird maps or post-mortem drawings were the subject of a special exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1974. Anyone who saw them could not fail to remark how they testified to Tunnicliffe's personal discipline and his devotion to a very special branch of art. Such measured drawings of birds were a life's work. They could never be completed.

When I first went to see him about our series of "sittings" required for this portrait Tunnicliffe was handling a tiny female ringed plover which had been brought to him a few days before. This, one appreciated, was something he had to do. He had already made a "map" of the female ringed plover but here was an opportunity to check what had already been done. The bird in this case was advertising its presence for it had been picked up dead on the shore more than a week before it reached his desk, but what matter? Stubbs had had his "high" horses. I remember enquiring about the male of the species. Charles hadn't had one. I understood the enormity of the self-appointed task in the shake of his head. The record might call for everything in pairs, duck and drake, cock and hen, two by two into the ark, or on to the drawing board, but birds don't conveniently die in pairs, and the cock or the hen might never arrive. All specimens that did arrive were carefully checked out. The magnitude of this undertaking is understood by appreciating that beginning with male and female, adult and juvenile, we might go on to summer and winter plumage, northern and southern varieties, winter migrants, transitional plumage, local variations, mutations . . . Tunnicliffe was a bird artist undaunted by knowledge of what confronted him. He worked at it like a mason cutting the foundation stones for a towering spire, a cathedral that would take a hundred years to build. He accepted that he would never live to see it finished.

Until the present century, most bird and animal artists were either disinclined to do the necessary fieldwork or, to be fair to them, face the almost unsurmountable obstacles involved in studying wild creatures. It was, after all, a long way to the Highlands of Scotland to see the golden eagle feeding its young, or the sea eagle sailing along some Hebridean cliff. It was almost as hard to get to the Fens and stalk the bittern, or find the elusive bustard on the plain before someone like Colonel Hawker got there and shot it. The man with the gun was in fact a kind of benefactor for he often



Tunnicliffe and Winifred on their wedding day in 1929. Right, studies of red squirrels kept for reference at Shorelands, Tunnicliffe's house on Anglesey. Below right, a view from Shorelands across Malltraeth Bay with a flock of knot wheeling above the sands. Below far right, a wood engraving of a cat with her kittens, made in about 1936.

had the birds he wantonly killed set up by the taxidermist. The eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artist often had to turn to a craftsman's reference. Even Audubon suffered from this shortcoming. It was really a matter of communications and accessibility of material. The great wood engraver Thomas Bewick recorded in his memoirs the problems facing nature artists of his time: "At the beginning of this undertaking [his book, the *History of British Birds* 1797], I made up my mind to copy nothing from the Works of others but to stick to nature as closely as I could—And for this purpose . . . I set off from Newcastle on the 16 of July 1791 . . . & remained there [at the museum at Wycliffe] drawing from the stuffed Specimens, nearly two months . . . As soon as I arrived in Newcastle, I immediately began to engrave from the drawings of Birds I had made at Wycliffe, but I had not been long thus engaged 'till I found the very great difference between preserved Specimens & those from nature, no regard having been paid at that time to place the former in their proper attitudes, nor to place the different series of the feathers, so as to fall properly upon each other. This has always given me a great deal of trouble to get at the markings of the dishevelled plumage & when done with every pains, I never felt satisfied with them. I was on this account driven to wait for Birds newly shot, or brought to me alive, and in the intervals employed my time in designing & engraving tail pieces or Vignettes. My sporting friends however supplied me with Birds as fast as they could . . ."

In spite of Bewick's pains, there is often a stiffness, a taxidermist's rigidity, about his birds and animals. ➤➤➤





Tribute to Tunnickliffe

T. A. Coward's *The Birds of the British Isles & their Eggs* suffered in its turn, for although its colour work was faultless the lifelike quality of the birds was questionable and Thorburn might have been painting decoys when it came to ducks! An artist needs to know the living subject and its anatomy. Tunnickliffe tirelessly studied anatomy with other subjects in a comprehensive art course. His own views on the importance of fieldwork are summarized in his book *Bird Portraiture*:

"It would be wisdom to familiarize yourself with the skeleton of a bird first and with the arrangement of the feathers afterwards. For the latter, the study of stuffed birds is helpful, *but only for the feather details*. Do not use the stuffed bird as a substitute for the living creature. Rarely does one find a mounted specimen that in any way reproduces the form of the wild bird; for in the former, all muscular tension is lost, and no amount of craftsmanship on the part of the taxidermist can breathe life into its poor, dried skin."

There is a certain parallel in the lives of Tunnickliffe and of Thomas Bewick. They were both Northerners and countrymen dedicated to the art of engraving on wood. Bewick was a much greater technician than Tunnickliffe, as Tunnickliffe himself acknowledged without

hesitation, but not such a good bird artist. Bewick was limited, as anyone who graduates through an apprenticeship to a craft is limited, by the world in which he has had to work. He came hopefully to London, a solid Newcastle man who disdained ornament for ornament's sake as then found in so much of the pious work of wood-engravers largely dependent upon the patronage of the Church. Bewick's refined techniques and exquisite craftsmanship brought a new dimension to the art of wood engraving. His vignettes have never been equalled. He was master of a clean, clear style of engraving. Poets and artists praised his sporting gentlemen as they stood hung about with powderhorns and shot pouches, clutching long-barrelled, muzzle-loading guns while they waited for their bewigged water spaniels to flush fowl. Bewick could conquer London, or so his patron suggested, but he hated it and departed north to his farm-land background as soon as he could.

Charles Tunnickliffe found himself in London with visions of the Cheshire hill country still fresh in his mind. He, too, was much appreciated as an etcher, yet Tunnickliffe's homesickness was as acute as Bewick's had been. He spent seven years in London but it didn't enter his head to remain longer to captivate that rich public either with his etchings... or with his wood-engravings.

Tunnickliffe spent no time looking back, nor did he, having once left London, go back to conquer it. He went

home to draw chickens, pigs and dogs for animal food manufacturers. His commercial engraving brought him much greater rewards than *Tarka the Otter*. Living on the green verge of his home town of Macclesfield he built a reputation as a nature artist. It was Tunnickliffe who brought the Shorthorn, the Shire and the Percheron to life in the pages of farming journals. His Black Minorcas clucked as they fed on Bibby's food and his sheep could be heard bleating piteously as they emerged from ICI's sheep dip. There were almost as many animals among his subjects as birds, and there were hundreds upon hundreds of these. His sketchbooks bulge with drawings—wonderful studies of horses, bulls, dogs and sheep. These references were crucial to his production of commercial work and book illustration. After *Tarka* he illustrated many books, among them the works of famous authors—H. E. Bates, Alison Uttley, Richard Church, Negley Farson, Ernest Hemingway, R. M. Lockley, Dr Fraser Darling. Talking to him about these it dulled my ego a little to hear him remark, "Well, I did do a book for him, but do you know, I had forgotten I had. I didn't like Williamson a bit but I remember him. I never met Hemingway or Negley Farson, but I managed to get the background they wanted and pleased them or their publishers." He could catch the atmosphere of Farson's lonely fishing haunts in British Columbia, just as he had done with

A winter sketch at Birtles Pool, near Macclesfield, painted in about 1946.

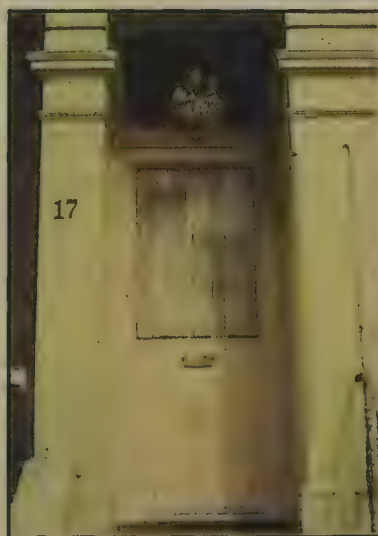
drawings of *Tarka* confronted by hounds peering through the tree roots.

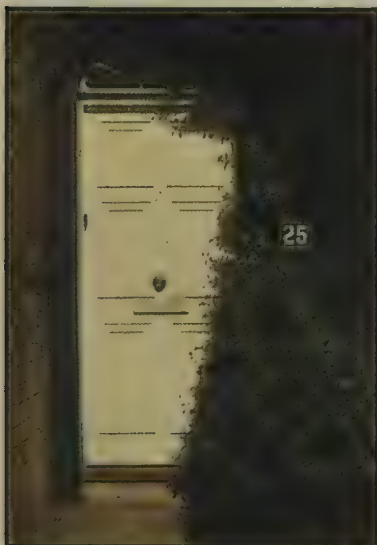
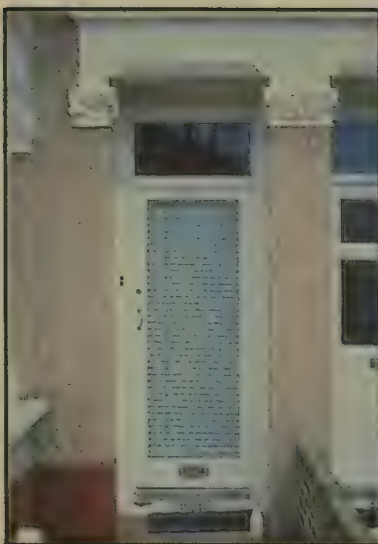
I was more than grateful to Charles Tunnickliffe for allowing me to look at some of the best work he had done. I know how his drawings and paintings evoke the very sounds and scents of the subject he chose. He could achieve in a few lines or brush-strokes more than a thousand words could convey. I am proud of the fact that he illustrated *The Way of a Countryman* for me which he did before we met. He also illustrated a book of mine called *A Fowler's World*. This was something made for an artist of Tunnickliffe's ability. After this he took on *A Galloway Childhood*, another of my books, and one I like best of all the things I have written. Charles Tunnickliffe had penetrating insight. Whatever anyone else might say about bird portraiture and art, I know he portrayed the world of my childhood as no one else could ever have done. Every writer, I am sure, has a faint hope that his fantasy will get across and that the person who reads him will share it. The only way to be sure of this is to see the images produced, the work interpreted by an artist. Such a thing has only happened to me once in my life. Since we all gyrate, encapsulated, and can only gesture feebly in passing, as we try to communicate, I might say I communicated with Charles Tunnickliffe.

Numbers 1 to 32 London



Photographs by Colin Smith and Jaroslav Bradac.
Doors Palladian or plebeian, portals padlocked and portals panelled,
entrances elegant and thresholds thrasonical—in their pilgrimage
from numbers one to 32 our photographers found London's
varied doorways are often as interesting as what lies behind them. ➡➡







The Knockando Distillery at sunset.



The Cooper's Shed at Glenspey.



Approach to Strathmill.

The marriage of true malts.

The malts which are vatted together to make The Strathspey all hail from the Speyside region of the Highlands. Here, the rock is hard, so the water is pure and soft.

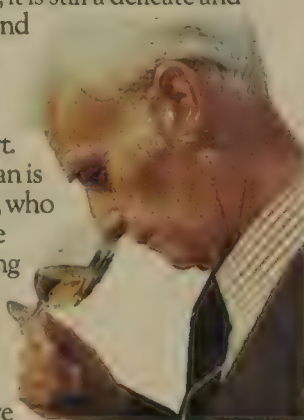
From here too comes the peat which helps give Speyside malt its distinctive 'nose' and flavour. Such eminent malt whiskies as Knockando, Glenspey and Strathmill all have their part to play in the 'marriage' of malts which gives The Strathspey its distinctive character.

The man with the £1 million nose.

Although the art of vating was developed over a century ago, it is still a delicate and mysterious skill. And there are no more than a handful of men in the world who possess the art.

One such man is George Shortreed, who has spent a lifetime tasting and blending whisky.

So vital is his role in the vating of The Strathspey, that every bottle we sell must bear the reproduction of his signature.



What is vating?

The vating of malt whisky is similar to the process the French use for making fine Cognac. It is a question of balancing the characteristics of the individual spirits to achieve a harmonious whole.

After the individually aged single malts have been selected—an art in itself—they are passed together through Venturi trumpets to ensure a complete fusion of their separate characteristics.

They are then left quietly in the traditional oak casks where they finally 'marry' together to form The Strathspey.

The vating process allows the best characteristics of the individual malt whiskies to fuse together into a malt whisky which is truly beyond the single malt.

Where can you buy The Strathspey?

Because The Strathspey is essentially a 'specialist' malt whisky, it is still in very limited distribution, which means you may have some difficulty tracking it down.

If you do have a problem, please send in the coupon and we will send you the name and address of your nearest purveyor.

Beyond the single malt.

There are something like sixty different single malt whiskies you can buy in this country. There are Highland Malts, Lowland Malts, Island Malts and even the odd one in between.

The Strathspey is not among their number.

The Strathspey is something altogether different.

It is that very rare creature, a vatted malt. Every drop of it is pure malt whisky, but instead of being drawn from just one distillery, as a single malt must be, it calls on six different Highland distilleries for their individual malts.



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18 Albemarle St, London W1. Tel: 01-409 0271.
Please tell me where I can buy The Strathspey.

Name _____

Address _____

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The Strathspey. Beyond the single malt.

The appeal of Blue Peter

by Des Wilson

In a few weeks before last Christmas the children of Britain raised over £3,700,000 to help the hungry of Cambodia. They did it by participating in a national bring and buy sale organized by *Blue Peter*, the BBC's top children's television programme, and their response, outstripping by 35 times the target of £100,000, demonstrated both the size and the trust of this extraordinary programme's young audience.

Blue Peter has now been on the air for 22 years and it is safe to say that almost everyone in the country over five and under 40 has at some time in their childhood been a viewer, whether occasional, regular or fanatical. It has become a national institution.

A number of factors have contributed to its success. First, there is the BBC's traditional concern to produce for television a large and varied number of high quality children's programmes. Second, in a medium in which all the talents, producers and performers alike, tend to move around at a bewildering rate, seizing fresh opportunities for fame and fortune, *Blue Peter* has remained over the years the responsibility of a surprisingly small number of people who have stayed loyal to the programme and its standards. Third, the programme over the years has achieved an ideal combination of being informative and then feeding children's natural curiosity, of entertaining them, and of creating for them a sense of security, almost of family.

The production team have hundreds of letters to show how children become concerned if a presenter is absent from a programme without explanation, and the death of one of the programme's pet animals causes considerable distress. When this happens, however, the producers make no attempt to ease the pain, taking the view that *Blue Peter* should reveal life as it is, with its ups and downs, and even its endings. This is probably the unique key to its success—its straightforward and honest relationship with its viewers, whose instinct for when they are being cheated will often be more reliable than that of their parents.

Blue Peter, now screened every Monday and Thursday for 30 minutes in the late afternoon, started its life on October 16, 1958, as a weekly 15 minute programme. It is named after the blue flag with white square raised by ships 24 hours before they leave harbour. This is intended to convey the idea of a programme setting out on a voyage, encountering fresh adventures and fresh discoveries. The programme's symbol is a ship. The programme's first presenters were Christopher Trace, now working in the engineering industry, and Leila Williams, who now manages a London pub. Its most famous presenter, Valerie Singleton, joined the programme in



Biddy Baxter, driving force and inspiration behind the BBC's popular children's television programme *Blue Peter*, has been in charge for 18 years. She and her production team receive and answer over 4,000 letters a week.

1962, two years before it was promoted to a twice-weekly slot.

In the same year the programme introduced a puppy called Petra as a substitute pet for children not able or allowed to have animals of their own, and Petra, like the programme, became a national institution. When she died in September, 1977, the news appeared in every national newspaper and was reported on every radio and television news bulletin. Children all over the country sent donations for a statue to be placed outside Television Centre and, say the producers, after three months so many people had come to see it that the grass around it had to be paved over.

Not satisfied with having its own animals, the programme in 1968 introduced its own baby, 14-week-old Daniel, who was to make regular appearances so that youngsters without baby brothers or sisters could see how babies grew up and developed and were looked after. Daniel's appearances were filmed in his home and he retired when he was two years old. Another popular "personality" was 532 *Blue Peter*, the programme's locomotive namesake, saved from the scrap heap in 1968 to become the centrepiece of the *Blue Peter* Locomotive Society.

But if any more evidence was required of the programme's remarkable hold on the nation's children, it exists in the success of its annual Christmas appeals. From the start the aim was not to raise the maximum sum of money for the causes concerned, but to enable

every viewer to take part, no matter what their financial circumstances. For this reason the programme has always appealed for commodities rather than cash, and always for items that can be sent for the minimum postage. In this way, the organizers say, even people with no pocket money can be involved. The road haulage company, Roadline, annually offers free delivery of the commodities from all over the country, and Phillips of Bond Street, the auctioneers, auction all collectors' items, making no charge for their services.

The first appeals were in 1962 and 1963 when the programme asked for toys for children who otherwise would have no Christmas presents. In 1964 the appeal was for silver paper and milk bottle tops to be converted into money to buy and train a guide dog for the blind. By 1965 the appeals had really taken off. In that year *Blue Peter* asked for old wool to buy a tractor for a farm school in Uganda, but so much arrived that it was able to supply not only the tractor but a disc plough, a rotovator and a rigger, plus the fuel and maintenance costs. In 1966 it appealed for paperback books to buy an in-shore life boat to be stationed somewhere in the British Isles. It needed 60,000 books for one craft, and received enough to provide four. A further appeal in 1972 provided sufficient books to replace them as necessary. In 1967 *Blue Peter* asked children to send in used postage stamps to create the funds for a house which could be converted into two flats for

homeless families. The aim was 1,200,000 used stamps, but this was exceeded in only three weeks and the final total was a staggering 750 million stamps, which provided homes for many families. In 1968 the programme appealed for old sweaters or scarves or worn-out pairs of socks, estimating that it needed 144,000 parcels of these to buy a hospital truck to help the victims of civil war in Nigeria and Biafra. It received two million parcels, enough to provide three hospital trucks, six emergency doctors' cars, two special jet injectors for inoculation, and a large quantity of vital drugs and medicines.

And so the stories of one staggering appeal after another go on. In 1971, for instance, children sent in nearly six million parcels of worn-out woolies, enough to build for a boys' centre in Kenya two dormitories to accommodate 60 boys, plus showers, hand basins, lavatories, store rooms and furnishings; in 1972 the children sent enough broken pieces of jewelry, old coins and the like, to build two old people's centres, buy a fleet of eight "hot dinner vans" and pay for holidays each spring and autumn for 100 elderly people on the Isle of Wight; in 1978 the programme appealed for used stamps and pre-decimal and foreign coins to buy 400 medi-bikes for use by health workers in the Third World—it raised enough for 1,000 medi-bikes plus a number of other benefits. Then, last year, came the fantastic response to the appeal for the hungry in Cambodia.

By now the programme can look back on a remarkable contribution to the relief of world-wide human misery.

Blue Peter is run from a huge, L-shaped room in the East Tower at Television Centre, a room so packed with books, papers, posters, pictures and letters from children that one wonders they have not had to strengthen the building's supports to save the whole place from collapsing under the weight. At the top of the room sits a woman whose enthusiasm and professionalism sets the pace and the standards of the whole programme, its editor since 1962, Biddy Baxter, a tall blonde woman in her early 40s, who runs the show with a firm hand and the dedication to inspire everyone else involved. She heads a team of producers and assistants and a correspondence unit that handles 4,000 letters a week.

Mondays and Thursdays are obviously the tense days, when everyone moves over to the studios in the main building from about 8.30 in the morning, rehearsing all day up to the live performance around 5pm. On other days there is filming to be organized all over the country, scripts and props and programmes to be set up, correspondence to be dealt with—enough to keep the team working long

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The appeal of Blue Peter



Past *Blue Peter* producer Edward Barnes, now the BBC's Head of Children's Programmes, introduced a puppy to the programme's cast in 1962. When Petra died 15 years later children sent donations for this statue outside Television Centre.

hours and under heavy pressure.

Biddy Baxter has no doubts about what such a programme requires. Indeed, she recently caused a stir at a seminar after Lady Plowden, head of the IBA, had stated that what was needed in children's television was "more experts". Miss Baxter told the audience that there were "too many experts already"—what was needed was more common sense, dedication and a striving after excellence. "Children are watching adult programmes of a high standard all the time. They see these standards there and expect the same from their own programmes. We must never forget that members of the public, even children, are our customers—they pay our salaries. They don't want to be talked down to, or psychoanalysed—they want programmes created by professionals in the same way as adults do."

Miss Baxter believes that one of the most difficult but necessary elements of *Blue Peter* is the combination of unpredictability and security. "We aim for variety. There is no aspect of life we won't cover, from politics, which children could find terribly boring if we don't handle it correctly, to animals. At the same time we try to create a sense of security, a family setting, a home base, with regular presenters and familiar animals. Then there is the element of adventure—we are always seeking to go out and have adventures, but at the end of them we always come back to base. And then, as well as those elements, there is the all-important maintaining of high standards. Children notice slipping standards and abandon programmes more quickly than adults." She is particularly appreciative of the quality of the film and studio direction that the programme has received. "One of the big advantages of working for a public service broadcasting organization like the BBC is its tradition of service, and this has been shown in children's programmes over the years. Children's programmes at the BBC are not a Siberia for failures, nor are they a training ground, but they are a place for people

who respond to that particular audience and can meet its standards." She talks enthusiastically about the way the programme takes notice of the children's own ideas, and how so much thought is given to avoiding creating fears and misunderstandings with children, or acting in any way to separate children from parents.

Another key personality in *Blue Peter* is Edward Barnes, a bearded and lively 51-year-old who was a *Blue Peter* producer for years and who has risen in the BBC hierarchy to become Head of Children's Programmes. It was Barnes who back in the 1960s increased the number of items on the programme, and introduced *Blue Peter* pets. He and Miss Baxter still consult regularly on the content of the programme, and he usually tries to have lunch with her and the presenters on broadcasting days to discuss how it's going. The two are close colleagues and also enthusiastic fans of each other's work. Miss Baxter pays tribute to Barnes for many of the innovations that took the programme to the top of children's television in the early 60s. Barnes says of Miss Baxter that one of her outstanding attributes is "never, ever to accept second best—I've never heard her say, 'Oh never mind, that will do.' That's a tremendous lead for the rest of the team."

We sat in the directors' gallery one Thursday watching *Blue Peter* being rehearsed. In the gallery the director is theoretically in charge, and the set-up demands that Biddy Baxter has to ask for what she wants rather than instruct; but even under stress the enthusiasm of everyone means that they can spend 20 to 30 minutes lining up one shot without tempers getting strained. Enormous care and attention is paid to every detail. The result is a simple, happy, informative and entertaining half-hour, directly related to the one earlier in the week, and yet different; the kind of programme that adds credibility and urgency to the BBC's case for more realistic licence fees. *Blue Peter* typifies the best in public service broadcasting.



30,000 children have problem parents.

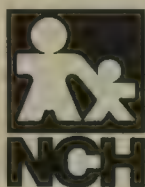
Damage the natural family environment of a child
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The National Children's Home,
85 Highbury Park, London N5 1UD.

Four paws for freedom

by Ursula Robertshaw. Photographs by Richard Cooke.

It was a busy Thursday morning in the suburbs of Reading. Heavy traffic in an almost constant stream thundered down the main road and cars emerged from every side street to swell the flood. The pavements were crowded with shoppers, mothers with prams, old ladies with trolley baskets, children on tricycles, teenagers on roller skates. There was a man up a ladder fixing a shop blind. Someone, called for coffee in the middle of cleaning windows, had left a bucket of dirty water with a wet rag draped over it on the pavement. A pair of telephone men were doing repairs down a hole.

Altogether it was a scene which presented a fair selection of the hazards which face a blind person going about his everyday business: potentially dangerous, even lethal, situations every few yards... were it not for the protection afforded by a guide dog. And it was in this bustling and typical scene that a group of students, working with their dogs for the first time in an urban environment, had been taken that Thursday morning by their instructors.

They had come from the Guide Dogs for the Blind centre at Wokingham, one of five spread around the country (another it is hoped will be opened in the north in a couple of years' time). Twelve students were at Wokingham to spend a month in residence before going home with the animal that would transform their lives, giving them mobility and freedom. As one of the students, who was working with his first dog, put it: "I shan't know myself—just to be able to go out round the shops, or off to the local whenever I want, without having to depend on someone else. Except this chap here, of course." He had not yet experienced those other great gifts a guide dog brings: the companionship, and the psychological boost of having a living creature dependent upon him.

So here they were, after two and a half weeks at the centre, exposed to what the instructor termed "medium traffic conditions". Each blind student, with his dog, was to run the gauntlet of half a mile of busy streets and intersections, under the eye of the instructor.

I followed one group at a discreet distance. The dog and its future owner—let us call them Goldie and Bill—moved off down the busy street. Bill's white stick was folded up in his pocket. The sole sign of his blindness was that Goldie was attached to him by the short harness that is the trade-sign of the guide dog: at other times he may be on a leash, or running free, but when he is in harness he is working, and knows it.

Bill held the harness loosely, by just the top joints of his fingers as instructed, and down by his side so that the dog's movements were transmitted via the harness; when Goldie steered round something, or came to a halt, or

changed level, for instance going *up* a kerb, Bill was immediately aware of it.

An intersection loomed ahead, with traffic entering from the left into the main road. At the kerb Goldie sat down, her body just blocking the line of the blind man's left foot. The instructor told Bill first to listen until he was sure no traffic was coming from his left, then wait until he could hear a heavy vehicle approaching from behind on the main road, passage of which would effectively shield him as he crossed. This conjunction of events took a minute or two, but then, "Forward, Goldie," said Bill; and the two safely negotiated the road.

And as I tried shutting my eyes to see how it felt to rely on one unseen, but heard, vehicle to protect one from being knocked down by another, I realized why guide dogs cannot be given to those who are also deaf. The dog has to be part of a team, its senses used in conjunction with those of its owner. It has been reliably trained to stop at kerbs, but no dog can be trained to know when it is safe to cross, or to assess traffic conditions. For that a blind person's own remaining senses and judgment must be used. And that is why sighted persons should not assume that the presence of a guide dog will make any offers of assistance unnecessary. Bill had to wait quite a time before he was sure it was safe to cross that minor road; on a major junction help is often essential. You should approach on the side opposite to the dog, ask if help is needed, and let the blind person take hold of your left arm; he will lower the dog's harness on to his back, thus relieving the dog of his responsibility while you are helping.

Also out in Reading that morning were some young guide dogs, being trained by sighted instructors, and I cantered in the wake of one energetic pair. The dog, a German shepherd which was within a fortnight of completing her training, was being "tightened up" by the young instructor. "She's good, but a bit lazy—and her

concentration slips. That's why I shall have to be firmer with her than usual. I wouldn't want you to think I usually sound like a sergeant major!"

I saw what was meant. Jess was pretty good, but not infallible—as she

must eventually be—at stopping at kerbs, particularly if it was one with only a slight change of level, such as you might find in a garage forecourt. "The dogs must stop whenever there is a change of surface, even if the level does not change at all." So when Jess "missed one", she was taken back a few yards and made to do it again; and the stern "Jess! No! Back!" was followed by "Good girl—well done," and a caress of the pricked ears when the manoeuvre was performed satisfactorily.



Similarly Jess was severely ticked off when she showed passing interest in a fascinating smell: "No! Bad girl! Get on with it!" But it's not all "a dog's life". The animals genuinely enjoy their work—those which do not are weeded out early in the selection process, together with those which are over-sensitive to noise, or to being touched, or which are over-protective or possessive. The bond that builds up between guide dog, willingly working, and its owner is strong, and moving to watch.

The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association celebrates its golden jubilee in 1981. Typically, there will be little razzmatazz or showy publicity; the main event will be a thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey in July, followed by a procession to the Royal Mews where there will be a reception attended, it is hoped, by Princess Alexandra, the Association's patron.

Today there are about 2,600 guide dog owners in Britain, and a nine-month waiting list, largely caused by shortage of training staff. The qualities required for the job—dedication, patience, psychological insight and considerable knowledge both of animals and of blind people—are rare and can command salaries far higher than those the Association can afford. Job satisfaction must be the main motive for taking up this work. One young instructress, who had formerly been an air-hostess and earned twice her present salary, told me, "I have never been so happy. I really feel that I'm doing something useful. I wouldn't go back for the world."

Each dog costs upwards of £2,000 to train, which figure includes the training of the owner and the extensive follow-up service which follows the placing of a dog. The breeds most commonly used are Labradors, black and yellow, and golden retrievers, or crosses of these, augmented with German shepherds and

the occasional collie or bearded collie. Bitches are used rather more than dogs, though now that the Association is breeding from its own stock at the kennels at Tollgate, near Warwick, the proportions are levelling out.

The Association owns over 100 brood bitches and several stud dogs and Tollgate is the primary source now of guide dogs; but puppies are also acquired from time to time from reputable breeders or as gifts, and these strengthen Tollgate's stock and enhance desirable qualities in the strain.

At the age of six to eight weeks a pup goes to a family, where it will receive its primary education—house-training, obedience to the basic commands, manners during mealtimes, respect for furniture and so on, acquiring those qualities that make it a civilized member of a household. The "puppy walker" is usually the mother of a family: the pup must be accustomed to children, and must be brought up in an urban environment so that he gets used to traffic, noise and lots of different people. He stays with the puppy walker for about nine months, and some puppy walkers have received a succession of puppies over 20 years. As the head trainer said, "They must be really dedicated. They get all the trouble, all the puddles, and then just when the dog is becoming pleasant to live with they are back to square one with a new one."

At ten or 12 months the dog's potential as a guide dog is assessed. It must stand at least 19 inches high, be physically and temperamentally sound and above all be intelligent and eager to please. During training a few dogs will drop out—rejection rate is about 35 per cent—and these will be passed on maybe to a private owner, or to the police or the RAF. The stayers learn a prompt and instinctive reaction to the basic commands and become completely at ease working in the harness.

The dog then has to learn to judge height and width, and be taught that a moving vehicle within a certain distance is a signal to stop, even to refuse a command from the handler to go forward; only when the vehicle is stationary will the dog proceed. At the training centres obstacle courses are provided. These

Students who live in London are given training with their dogs to enable them to ride on public transport and cope with heavy traffic. Opposite bottom, pups awaiting delivery to their puppy walkers.

include such obvious things as road-up signs, bollards, piles of sand, chicanes; plus much more difficult concepts for a dog, in which the path, at his height, is completely clear but there is some obstacle, such as a projecting plank chin-high for a man, or a wire stretching between kerb and a point some 7 feet up on a wall (as it were a ladder) which would severely damage a blind person walking into it. The obstacles change both in type and position every day, so the dog never knows what to expect.

During the six-month training period the dog's personality becomes apparent, and this will be matched with the personality and family situation of the ultimate owner. Thus a large, strong and extroverted man might get a husky, affable dog, whereas a frail, elderly lady might be provided with a quieter, more docile bitch. The matchings are done on paper before the students arrive for training and adjustments can be made if theory does not accord with reality—though I am told that only rarely do the two sets of assessments fail to dovetail.

The Association's aim is to supply a fully trained guide dog to any suitable blind person who would gain freedom and mobility from having one and who successfully trains at one of its centres. Only 50p is charged towards costs when the dog is handed over, and though the blind person is expected to contribute £1 a week towards his keep while he is at the training centre, and pay his transport there and back, even these charges can be waived or alleviated in cases of hardship. The Association does not wish anyone to be without a guide dog because of lack of funds.

A guide dog's working life is between eight and 12 years; the continuing annual check-ups on its condition reveal when the dog's work is beginning to be too much for it, or when its efficiency is less than 100 per cent. After it ceases to work, the dog usually remains in the blind person's home as a pet, but when for some reason this is not possible the dog will be taken in by someone else, perhaps one of the instructors, perhaps a private individual, or into one of the centres, again as a pet.

The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association receives no state aid of any kind, which gives it a desirable measure of freedom but renders it entirely dependent upon donations, legacies, membership fees and the efforts of some 300 voluntary branches which work hard to raise funds. The Association does in fact get considerable public support, for it would be hard not to realize what worthwhile work it does.

Guide dogs deservedly hold a privileged position in society—they do not, for example, need a licence, nor need their owners pay fares for them on public transport. They are usually exempt from odium from the anti-dog league. Perhaps the ultimate, though undignified, accolade comes from the Oxford Union, on whose building a notice reads: "No dog shall be allowed to enter the premises unless accompanying a blind person, in which case it shall be deemed a cat."

ILN

Appeal 1980

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SALLY JONES* GOT MARRIED JUST AFTER THE WAR. WHAT HAPPENED NEXT IS STILL A MYSTERY.

Sally was in her early twenties, and looking forward to married life. But her doctor diagnosed that she had a disease called Multiple Sclerosis (MS).

Today, she's one of 50,000 people in Britain, both young and old, who are known to suffer from it.

The cause of Multiple Sclerosis is still a mystery. It attacks the central nervous system, and can cause severe disabilities.

There is a risk of paralysis or difficulties with sight or speech or perhaps incontinence. For some these problems gradually increase until eventually they're confined to a wheelchair. We must find a cure.

£1 million needed urgently. Scientific research is the only hope. As a result of the work carried out over the past twenty years, we are now a lot more optimistic about finding a cure.

The Multiple Sclerosis Society is dedicated to raising the money for research, as well as providing a welfare service to sufferers.

Over £1 million is needed to meet our existing commitment to research. (We spend the absolute minimum on administration.)

Any donation you make, however small, will help to bring us one step closer to finding the cure.

*This story is true. Only the name has been changed.

Send your donation to: The Multiple Sclerosis Society, 286 Munster Rd., Fulham, London SW6 6AP. If you would like a copy of the Society's information leaflet concerning the making of bequests or covenants, please tick this box: ☐

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MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
ONE MYSTERY WE CAN ALL HELP TO SOLVE.

London's keystone personalities

by Eric de Maré

London still offers much architectural detail that can be contemplated with delight, such as waterside and kerbside bollards, knockers, fan-lights, lamp posts, coal-hole covers—and keystones. These latter depict personages, presences, *genii loci*, which with hirsute dignity, cherubic flutter or hypnotic stare preside over the street hubbub.

Though a keystone is of no more structural importance than all the other wedge-shaped stones which compose an arch, it does in its central position form a unit which can be decorated, perhaps with a mask of a mythical man or beast.

London has a particularly varied gallery of decorated keystones. They began to appear after the Great Fire on Wren's new cathedral and City churches, mostly in the form of pouting putti faces framed within feathers. This cherubic tradition has been revived as excellent pastiche in the reconstructed interior of Wren's St Bride's, Fleet Street, which was damaged in the last war. There are also some grand foliated keystones on the arches of the crossing at St Paul's, and the arcade of the Fountain Court in Wren's part of Hampton Court has a notable and varied colony of masks.

The Georgian age has much to offer. Somerset House was mostly designed by the Surveyor General, Sir William (Kew Pagoda) Chambers, in the 1770s, but it was added to by others and not completed until the 1850s. At least ten distinguished sculptors were employed on its statues and carvings through the years. The masterly horned head on a keystone in the courtyard has an Italian look and may have been executed by Chambers's fellow academician, Agostino Carlini. Before the Victoria Embankment was built the river lapped to the arcaded south of Somerset House where there are some bold keystone heads.

Coade stone keystones can be found in the area around Baker Street, for instance in Harley Street and Gloucester Place, and other examples survive in Georgian suburbs such as Camberwell and Islington; but the best place to see Coade stone heads is in Bedford Square, that least spoiled and most complete of London's Georgian retreats. Nearly every doorway there has one, mostly of the same bearded deity but a faun-like character leers from the north-west corner, while on the north-east are two solemn but fruity females. The vermiculated rustications round the doorways here also came from the Coade factory.

The decorations on John Nash's Marble Arch look as if they are made of

Coade stone but they are carved from Carrara marble. The Arch, roughly based on Constantine's in Rome, was erected in 1828 in front of Buckingham Palace but was moved to its present site at Cumberland Gate in 1851. One pundit writes that the sculptors were Flaxman, Westmeath and Rossi; another names Westmacott and Baily. Whoever created them, we can all now admire the handsome young deity with the face of a rowing Blue on the central keystone with his attendant angels offering him wreaths from the spandrels—a conceit, incidentally, also to be found on the Arco de la Pace in Milan of the same period.

The Victorians produced some magnificent sculpture of the most sophisticated skill, not least in keystone heads. An impressive example from the end of the century is the stern and bearded bureaucrat who glowers across Parliament Square from Whitehall's most southerly government building. One J. R. Mountfield may have been the designer, for he conceived the carvings of the archway into King Charles's Street round the corner.

Even the modest Victorian homes of commuting city clerks of the Pooter type were not considered respectable unless adequately dressed with decorations. To such belong some exceptional keystones gracing the dwellings on Gipsy Hill which were erected after the high-level railway had arrived at the Crystal Palace Parade in South London. The dryads, male and female, wear charming, expansive boskets on their crowns which in some cases help to support balcony projections. Every head is a unique creation.

In the courtyard of Burlington House brood some Victorian dignitaries—but they are a dull lot. Not so the remarkable row of large and vigorous Edwardian heads on the other side of Piccadilly at the Ritz Hotel. The building, designed by Mewes and Davis and opened in 1906, echoes the Rue de Rivoli in Paris with its arcaded pavement; its Norwegian granite gives it a well-heeled, monumental look, but behind the apparently heavy stonework stands a light steel skeleton, the first framework of the kind to be erected in London. As many as 15 keystone heads adorn the front and five on both returns, each one a distinct, fulfilled personality chosen without sexual discrimination, for here men and women alternate. These wonderful creatures have enchanted me since childhood, especially the ones that offer a smile.



Male and female dryads on Victorian houses in Gipsy Hill wear baskets on their crowns, some of which help to support balcony projections.



Wren's cherubic style of keystone in St Paul's Cathedral was revived, right, when the interior of St Bride's, Fleet Street, was reconstructed.



A Victorian example to be found in Parliament Square.



A Georgian head in the courtyard of Somerset House.



The central keystone of John Nash's Marble Arch.

'I write fiction about the future, Mr Wagstaff...

'... but when it comes to the present I like facts,' said Clive Lambert, whose science fiction forecasts earned him so much money his friends called him "The Propheteer."

Wagstaff, who frankly admitted he didn't know how many UFO's made five, coughed politely and waited. Even Clive Lambert, who spent so much of his time in space, had to come down to earth and to the point eventually.

'You look puzzled Mr Wagstaff. And I suspect you find much of my writing puzzling too.'

'Well I persevere,' said Wagstaff. 'But I must admit things like inter-galactic time-warps do tend to confuse me. Biographies are rather more my line.'

'Which brings us back to facts, Mr Wagstaff. "Give me the facts about banks," I said to my accountant, Jack Rogers, when I finally decided to take my account elsewhere. "Is there *really* any difference between 'em?" And d'you know what he said?'

'No,' said Wagstaff, obligingly.

'He said: "The facts, plural, are that banks offer pretty much the same interest rates, the same security, and the same general services. The fact, singular, is that if you're looking for *service* – also very singular – you don't have to look further than Williams & Glyn's. There you will find a combination of businesslike efficiency with human friendliness and informality that is quite unique in the banking world."

'Praise indeed – I hope we've lived up to it!'

'I can best answer that by giving you one more fact, Mr Wagstaff – the one that brought on this uncharacteristically complimentary mood. I transferred my account to Williams & Glyn's just seven years ago and I haven't a trace of an itch!'



Wagstaff wondered when he would come down to earth.

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Charles Ledger adventurer extraordinary

by Noel D. Vietmeyer

You will not find Charles Ledger listed in every encyclopaedia. He is barely mentioned in histories of the countries he affected: Peru, Australia, Britain, India, the Netherlands and Indonesia. He died, forgotten, with assets totalling £2.

Yet Charles Ledger suffered incredible travail to offer the world what it now desperately seeks, a low-cost, ecologically sound way to make marginal land highly productive; and he made available to the world the drug—quinine—that according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* “has benefited more people than any other drug used thus far to combat infectious diseases”. Few people accomplish so much.

Born in London in 1818, Ledger sailed for Peru at the age of 18 to become a clerk in Naylor's, an English merchant firm. Six years later, in the city of Tacna, he founded his own business, trading in alpaca wool and skins, the bark of cinchona trees (the source of quinine) and copper.

He had exceptional foresight and fervently desired to bring credit to the British Empire. Accordingly, in 1848 he rented a large estate near Lake Titicaca high in the Andes. Leaving his family behind in Tacna, he began with characteristic enthusiasm, determination and energy what was to become his alpaca adventure. Ledger already knew much about the alpaca, a miniature cousin of the camel that grazes the slopes of the Andean highlands. Its soft, flexible wool has a sheen that gives the lustre of silk to alpaca cloth. He believed the animal would prosper in Australia, India and other parts of the Empire. He began raising alpacas and crossing them with llamas to increase their size.

Though not a scientist, he keenly observed this graceful yet docile animal that has been domesticated since before the time of the Inca. In particular he noted its meagre needs. Shepherd's need visit the flock only occasionally, for unlike sheep alpacas require no attention except during the breeding season. Alpacas never stray; the herd instinct is so strong that nightly each animal rejoins the flock at its own fixed site. Alpaca parents are protective and show astonishing vigilance in keeping the young together and free from harm. Moreover, the alpaca is innately hardy. In its native mountains it is constantly exposed to rugged conditions—cold, heat, damp, hunger and thirst.

In 1852 the British consul in Peru promised payment from Australia if Ledger would export alpacas. In 1853, after instructing his loyal servant Pedro Cabrera to begin collecting a flock, he sailed across the Pacific to the colony of



An 1859 engraving of Charles Ledger in his more prosperous days.

New South Wales. There he found large upland areas seemingly ideal for alpaca-raising and he informed the Governor, Sir Charles FitzRoy: “I entertain the idea that this animal is destined to graze and browse on such elevated and inclement parts of this country, suitable only to themselves and goats and at present useless for the depasturing of other stock.”

FitzRoy verbally committed the colony to pay for any animals Ledger could deliver, purportedly promising him 10,000 acres of farmland if he could successfully introduce 100 alpacas. Ledger returned to Peru and invested all the money he had made trading (about £16,000) in the cause of naturalizing Andean alpacas in Australia.

He was taking an enormous risk: ten years earlier Peruvian authorities had forcibly taken 400 alpacas from the Indians and shipped them to England. Only three survived the voyage and they died soon after. “I shall never forget the commotion among the Indians on the news of this disaster,” wrote Ledger. “Every misfortune that had happened in the district for the year past was at-

tributed to these animals having been sent out of the country. The Indians flocked from all parts of the country to the capital of the department, the city of Puno, and from thence petitioned the government to prohibit the exportation of alpacas.”

Thus Ledger had to gather his animals in secret. He and Indian companions roamed the wilds of Peru and Bolivia, slowly building up the flock. His hopes were nearly blighted when 400 animals were lost in one night due to the negligence of one of his Indians. It took him years, but eventually he had 1,000 alpacas, llamas, vicuñas and cross-breeds. Blocked from shipping them through Peruvian ports, Ledger and his Indians, with Pedro Cabrera as overseer, set off inland for the great mountainous backbone of South America, the high Cordillera.

For thousands of miles they drove the animals through the high passes, skirting peaks and precipices. For security the flock was divided into three parts, and each was driven by a different route. Through snow, ice and biting winds, men and animals travelled long

distances without fodder, fuel, or water. Mules and donkeys froze; two of the shepherds fell to their deaths.

Ledger had to survive not only the machinations of nature but those of man, too. The Bolivian government unceasingly tried to capture the flocks and sent out an agent specifically for that purpose. Twice Ledger was captured, and once he voluntarily gave himself up, an artifice that enabled his animals to escape. Once he was freed after curing a local official's wife, and once he mixed an alcoholic solution of opium into his jailer's grog. A price of £5,000 was put on his head. And yet he continued inching the alpacas out of Peru onto the eastern slopes of the Andes, then southward across half of Bolivia. He lost 500 animals in a single snowstorm which lasted nine days without let-up and which overwhelmed them as they descended from the Andes. But he kept going on to Argentina. Back in Peru his wife had died, a loss he would not learn of until much later.

In August, 1855, after safely reuniting two of the flocks in Argentina he had to return to Bolivia where the third had been seized. By means not recorded he escaped with these animals, too.

While resting the flock in Argentina Ledger suffered a further loss when more than 200 of the precious animals died suddenly after drinking from a leech-infested pond. He had been away from home and family for years and was almost penniless, but, deciding to devote another year to the enterprise, he left his flock and journeyed to Valparaíso, Chile, where he procured further financing.

He then returned to Argentina to drive the surviving flock back over the Andes, this time into Chile. Emerging from the foothills, he and his animals faced the fearsome Atacama, one of the driest deserts on earth. For weeks the men drove the flock through the summer's heat. Yet at one point, after 22 days without water, these cameloid animals were so unaffected that Ledger reported that “on arriving at water they showed a greater inclination to bathe in than drink it”.

In April, 1858, the party reached the Chilean coast at Copiapo and the whole town turned out to gawk. In July Ledger, Cabrera, seven shepherds and the animals embarked from the port of Caldera on the sailing vessel *Salvadora*.

At first the animals suffered seasickness, but after four months at sea 274 were landed in Sydney on November 28, 1858. The New South Wales government was ecstatic. Ledger was fêted. Public dinners were arranged at which hundreds of the élite tasted ➤➤➤

Charles Ledger adventurer extraordinary

and approved alpaca meat. Ledger and Cabrera toured the colony looking for land suitable for alpaca-raising. In the Monaro Range, not far from where Canberra is now, they found mountains so ideally suited that both men imagined themselves back in Peru.

The flock had journeyed thousands of miles but for some reason the government, which now purchased the flock for £15,000, refused to let Ledger drive it to the mountains. Despite his constant pleading the officials insisted that the animals be maintained in lowland country near the town of Goulburn.

Although the Goulburn climate was alien, the flock thrived, confirming Ledger's contention that alpacas would acclimatize to the environment and native grasses of Australia. Within six months all animals were back in good condition and 49 lambs had been born. Ledger was made superintendent of the flock at an annual salary of £300 (later raised to £800) with £1,000 to cover all expenses, including the shepherds' salaries. He went back to Peru to collect his children and then returned quickly to Australia to continue his cross-breeding experiments. By 1861 his animals numbered 417 and most were larger and better looking than their average Peruvian counterpart and wool yields were much higher than in Peru. Ledger projected that in 50 years the flock would have increased to almost ten million head, producing a wool clip of more than 68 million lb.

But obstacles remained. Ledger could keep none of the money paid for the animals: the £15,000 went entirely to the Valparaiso merchant who had earlier bailed him out. He asked for an additional £7,000 to cover his expenses during the years spent in getting the flock to Chile but was turned down. He requested permission to move the animals to the mountains. The officials would not allow that either. He submitted his resignation three times. "On the faith of promises made in this country and in Peru," he said, "I undertook every risk—did succeed—and am ruined!!"

In truth, commercial interest in alpacas had already waned; the merino sheep, an import from the northern provinces of Spain, was proving profitable on Australian farms. Lucerne and clover were being planted extensively and the need to raise animals on the marginal, unproductive highlands was not great. Furthermore, alpacas were strange to British-born farmers, and the colonists came to regard Ledger as an impractical dreamer. In 1864 the government decided to get out of the alpaca business entirely, and the animals were put up for auction.

For many years afterwards Ledger's alpacas and llamas were to be found on farms in New South Wales and Queensland. Most were so playful and

gentle that they ended up as farm pets. The last representatives were finally sent to the zoo in Sydney.

Today, with the good arable land fast being taken up by houses and food crops, the alpaca seems an ideal animal for exactly the environment for which Ledger promoted it: higher slopes where sheep and cattle grow poorly. Scientists in South America have recently recognized this, and alpaca research is advancing rapidly, especially in Peru, where almost three million head are under domestication. In digestibility trials it has been found that alpaca and llama can extract the food energy and nutrition contained in forage, especially poor-grade forage, more efficiently than sheep. This is why they can thrive on dry, wiry native grasses, in cold highland country as well as in arid regions with little or no drinking water. Researchers in Peru have found that alpacas produce as much wool as sheep. Alpaca meat is tender and has been compared to lamb.

Ledger had devoted 12 arduous years to the effort of introducing the alpaca to Australia, but in 1864 the flock for which he had risked so much had been disbanded. He had lost everything, including his dream. Hurt, bewildered and angry, he left Australia, re-embarking with Pedro Cabrera for Peru. There Cabrera was killed for his part in smuggling out the alpacas. Ledger, however, seems to have been tolerated. For the Peruvians this was a mistake, for he quickly set about smuggling another of their jealously guarded products: cinchona seed.

Throughout history malaria has killed more people than any other disease. Furthermore, for millions it has left a curse of fever, chills, weakness and malaise. It has depopulated whole regions, upset military campaigns and made vast areas of the tropics all but uninhabitable to European settlers. The disease was by no means limited to the tropics. Charles II suffered from it, as did Louis XIV; Oliver Cromwell died of it, and so did Alexander the Great.

In 1630 the Spanish learned from the Indians that an infusion of cinchona bark dramatically improves the condition of a malaria sufferer; the parasites disappear from the blood and the disease's symptoms are quickly alleviated. For three centuries it remained the only treatment, making the cinchona tree one of the most important medicinal plants of all time.

Cinchona flourishes in the moist valleys and slopes of the Andean rain forest in Peru, Bolivia, Colombia and Ecuador. It is usually a small tree, although some types grow tall and slender with high, symmetrical crowns. The bark contains four medicinal compounds: quinine, quinidine, cinchonine and cinchonidine. Quinine, the most important, is the drug without which there could have been no European development of the tropics. It is instant poison to the malarial parasite.

In his trading Ledger had seen the rising demand for cinchona bark created by European nations as they colonized



From a sketchbook of watercolours recording Charles Ledger's journeys in Peru and Chile: top, Ledger with two of his Indian scouts; above, a lively alpaca.

the tropics in the mid 1800s. He also saw the native cinchona forests ruthlessly exploited, and he dreamed of organized production of quinine in British possessions in India, Africa and south-east Asia, where millions were dying of fevers and malaria. His second adventure began almost immediately upon his return to Peru. Four years earlier, during his visit to pick up his children, Ledger had asked his Bolivian Indian servant Manuel Incra Mamani to collect seed of the best cinchona trees.

There are perhaps 20 species of the plant and it is impossible to tell the quinine content of each without chemical analysis. Ledger earlier had kept track of the bark passing through his trading firm, however, noting that in Europe the best quinine assays seemed to come from the bark of trees with scarlet leaves. The local Indians called these trees *rojo* (red). The localities from which the Indians secured *rojo* were a closely-guarded secret. But Manuel had been a bark-collector and knew where they were. In the almost inaccessible headwaters of the Rio Beni, that flows into a tributary of the Upper Amazon in Bolivia, he found 50 tall *rojo* trees. He set up camp beneath them and waited for the seed to form.

Ledger later wrote: "He [Manuel Incra Mamani] told me that the best bark trees had not produced ripe seed

for four years previously. When the trees were full of flower and most promising a frost in April destroyed it all. The inferior sorts had not suffered. He had been cutting bark with his sons and patiently waited for complying with my orders, obtaining only the best sort. I feel convinced in my own mind that no white man would or could succeed in getting such splendid seed as my faithful Manuel did."

Both Manuel and Ledger were taking a great risk. South American republics were hostile to attempts to transport cinchona seed to other countries. The cinchona bark trade was too precious to their fragile economies. Strict laws were in effect, and the pair were engaged in illicit smuggling. After his four-year vigil Manuel brought the precious seed across the Andes in June of 1865, a terrible winter march of 800 miles. There were just 14lb, but one day they would supply most of the world with quinine and save countless lives.

Ledger paid Manuel £150, dried the seeds carefully, wrapped them in animal hide, packed them in a box and in July, 1865, shipped them to his brother George in England. Three months later they reached London and George Ledger promptly wrote to Her Majesty's Under-Secretary for the Colonies offering the seeds for planting in India and asking that his brother be paid for

them. But the British Government had already spent thousands of pounds in sending a clandestine five-man expedition to the Andes to steal cinchona seed. The Under-Secretary rejected the offer outright, declining to pay Ledger even a paltry sum for his meagre box of seed.

George was crushed by the rebuff and, concerned that the seed would lose viability, he contacted the Dutch cabinet minister for the colonies. The Dutch Consul General in Peru had previously sent huge quantities of cinchona seed to Holland, but somewhat grudgingly the minister bought one pound of Ledger seed for £8, promising to pay more if it germinated. Ledger had cared for the seed well; it arrived in the Dutch East Indies in good condition and grew easily. He was then paid an additional £40. Eventually this seed was destined to bring returns of millions of pounds and to give the Dutch a world-wide quinine monopoly.

Prior to Ledger's efforts, both Dutch and British horticulturists had planted millions of cinchona seeds from their own collections. Years of work had been invested, yet the whole effort was turning into a fiasco. Bark from some of the trees had no quinine at all and the average was less than 2 per cent. Although some of the bark contained 3 per cent, none of the varieties would ever prove profitable.

Though there was nothing unusual in the appearance of Ledger's seed, and though they already had other cinchona trees, the Dutch horticulturists K. W. van Gorkom and J. C. B. Moens took great care of them. From the single pound of tiny seeds they raised 20,000 seedlings. By 1872 the trees were thriving in the mountains of Java near Bandung and large quantities of Ledger bark were offered for sale. It proved extraordinarily rich in quinine, averaging 5-8 per cent, with some samples even reaching 13 per cent.

By 1879 plantation-grown Ledger trees were ready for harvest. They saved the whole cinchona effort. Van Gorkom and Moens learned the genetics, chemistry and ecological needs of the new trees, and when Moens decided that *rojo* was a true species he named it *Cinchona ledgeriana*.

The high quinine concentrations of the bark brought great savings in production, transportation and quinine processing. It is entirely owing to Ledger's seed that Java was able to supply quinine to the world. In 1880 the main bark production still came from South America; by the 1930s Java provided 97 per cent of the world's supply.

Meanwhile Charles Ledger's personal fortunes had failed dismally. He had lost all his money over the alpaca affair and now he felt cheated of the reward for his cinchona seed discoveries. Pedro Cabrera had been killed for helping get the alpacas out of Peru; now Manuel had met the same fate after he returned to Bolivia to procure more cinchona seed. In 1874 Ledger recorded: "Poor Manuel is dead also; he was put in prison by the Corregidor of Corioco, beaten so as to make him confess

who the seed found on him was for; after being confined in prison for some 20 days, beaten and half starved, he was set at liberty, robbed of his donkeys, blankets and everything he had, dying very soon after."

By now Ledger himself was *persona non grata* in Peru. He later lived in Argentina and Uruguay and finally, in 1883, retired to Australia, broken and defeated. To its credit, the Dutch government paid him an additional £100 in 1880 when the value of his seed became apparent. Fifteen years later, when their cinchona trade was booming, the Dutch again recognized their debt by paying an annual salary of £100. But ill fortune continued to dog Ledger and he lost his entire savings in the Australian bank failures of the early 1890s. He died in 1905, aged 87, and was buried in a pauper's grave at Rookwood near Sydney.

Despite his personal failures, Charles Ledger's efforts have continued to influence history right up to the present. In 1942 the Japanese invasion of the Dutch East Indies jeopardized the Allies' entire quinine supply. US Army Colonel Arthur Fischer heroically gathered Ledger cinchona seeds from different parts of the Philippines, where their cultivation was being attempted. He got them out on the last plane to Australia before the Japanese took over. In this way Ledger's seed returned to the New World. With it, plantations were established in the highlands of Guatemala. But cinchona trees take years to mature and quinine for the Allied war effort actually came from wild trees in South America.

During the 1940s synthetic anti-malarial drugs were developed and proved cheaper and often more effective than quinine. After the war, cinchona's demise as a crop appeared imminent and most plantations were abandoned to the jungle. The Vietnam war demonstrated, however, that the synthetic drugs, though extremely effective, specifically affect only a few parasite strains, whereas cinchona bark extract, with its mixture of alkaloids, has broad-spectrum activity and suppresses many parasite types. Thus in the late 1960s Ledger's trees again became important. Overgrown plantations were restored, fertilized and expanded in Guatemala, Indonesia and the Congo (now Zaire). After a century the seeds so carefully collected by Manuel Incra Mamani were still helping to save lives, and they may continue to do so. In 1976 the World Health Organization estimated that there were 1.5 million malaria deaths.

Charles Ledger's efforts have also made possible two other products widely used today. Quinine gives the tangy, bitter taste to tonic water and related soft drinks; and quinidine, another bark-extract ingredient, is a drug used to control abnormal heartbeat.

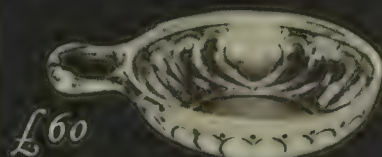
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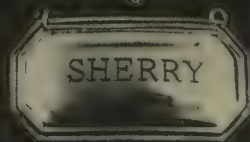


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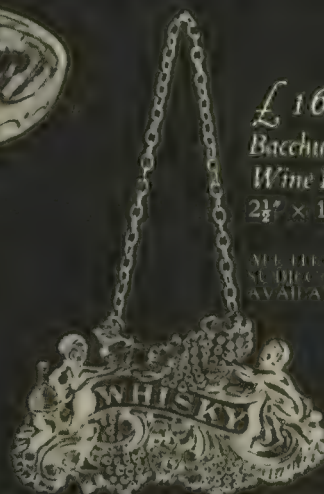
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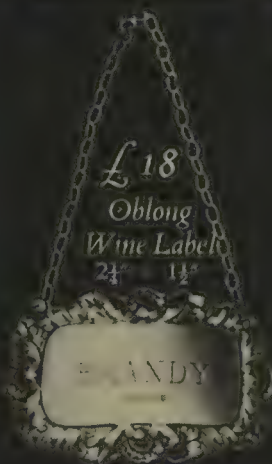
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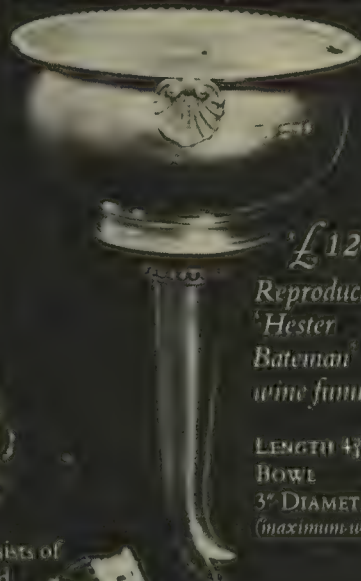


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Belloc in love

by Marylyn Whitrow



On June 15, 1896, in the Church of St John the Baptist in Napa, California, Elodie Hogan, a middle-class Irish-American beauty was married to Hilaire Belloc, the Anglo-French poet, satirist, politician and man of letters.

The ceremony was the culmination of a six-year courtship which had begun in the spring of 1890 when Belloc walked into his mother's house in Great College Street, London, to meet the 19-year-old Elodie for the first time. A graceful, intelligent and deeply religious girl bearing a delicate resemblance to Raphael's Fornarina, she had come from San Francisco with her mother and her sister Elizabeth to tour Europe. They had been to Rome for an extended stay and were planning to spend some weeks in London before finally returning home. They had scarcely arrived when Mrs Hogan received news of the illness of one of her sons and decided to go back to California at once, leaving her daughters as guests in Bessie Parkes Belloc's London house.

Neither Hilaire nor his mother remembered afterwards just how the introduction was effected, but it seems likely that it was through a priest in Rome, a certain "Father A" with whom the Hogans had developed a relationship. The priest had been counselling Elodie and had helped her to resolve her doubts about a suitor in California, encouraging her to believe in the alternative of a genuine vocation for the religious life. It was therefore with every intention of entering the Order of Sisters of Charity soon after her return to America that Elodie embarked on her summer in London. She and her sister attended Mass daily at the old Jesuit church in Horseferry Road, where they were often accompanied by the young Hilaire who came down from his rooms in Bloomsbury to join them.

Apparently both his mother and sister Marie, later Mrs Belloc Lowndes, failed at first to realize the true nature of the attraction between the aspiring but totally unrecognized man of letters and the sensitive young American. Years later Marie Belloc Lowndes remem-

bered feeling "slightly surprised" that her brother had spent so much time with the two sisters, although her mother's affection for them and her kindness during their stay in London was such that in a letter sent after she arrived home, Elodie declared "an undying remembrance" of the love and friendship extended by the Bellocs.

Certainly the two sisters were well received wherever they went in London. Close as they were to each other, they were quite different, with Elizabeth rather plain and large and Elodie the quicker of the two. Elodie was well read and intellectually curious and had already had some small success with her own writing, a fact which would have made her instantly at home in a family in which the mother claimed friendship with writers and artists and both brother and sister were beginning to make their way in literary circles. She was also a delight to look at, described by Gertrude Atherton, the American novelist, as "a beautiful creature with hair like polished mahogany, eyes of a dark rich blue, delicate regular features and a mantling colour... she also possessed the twin gifts of personality and charm." It is not surprising that Elodie cast on Belloc an immediate spell that would develop over 24 years and last throughout his life.

Their courtship was neither easy nor orthodox. At the time of their meeting, Hilaire, too, was only 19 and appeared to lack either a career or enough prospects to appeal to the widowed Mrs Hogan, who was determined on a religious life for her beautiful daughter. Following that glorious summer of innocence and mutual attraction on many levels (not the least of which was religion and her struggle to determine the truth of her vocation), Elodie returned to the United States at the end of August leaving Hilaire with nothing more to sustain him than memories.

In October, 1890, Belloc launched his first real literary venture in the form of *The Paternoster Review*, a monthly magazine which after some early success ceased publication the next year. The blow was a bitter one, but it freed him for another project, and early in the spring of 1891 he sold everything he had to pay his passage to America, where he had relatives in Philadelphia. Among these possessions were the books he had received as prizes at the Oratory School, bearing the signature of Cardinal Newman. It is touching to note that after he sailed Bessie bought them back for him from the Oxford Street bookshop where they were on sale.

Once across the Atlantic Belloc made his way west on foot, sleeping out and selling small drawings to keep himself alive during the long and demanding journey, an experience which he described 32 years later in *The Contrast*.

Arriving in San Francisco early in March, he was not very warmly welcomed by Mrs Hogan who, as a conventional American, middle-class widow, could see only his shabby, unkempt appearance and his apparently undirected enthusiasms.

Elodie, too, was disappointing. She had been in continual correspondence with the influential "Father A" since her return the previous year and seemed more determined than ever to fulfil her mother's hopes for her and become a nun. Mrs Hogan allowed her to see Belloc only briefly and then sent her away to stay with a married sister. Although given grudging hospitality in return for that which Mrs Hogan and her daughters had received from his mother, Belloc stayed no longer than a few weeks and finally began his return journey, receiving Elodie's rejection of his suit by letter at Montclair, New Jersey, at the end of April.

Writing to his mother, Belloc described this answer as "final and definite", going on to say how hard hit he felt and how much in need of Mme Belloc's "friendship" on his proposed return to London in May. She wrote to Elodie some months later urging her to "cross the Atlantic" to discuss the situation with her, apparently by now certain in her own mind of the couple's love for each other and disturbed that in such circumstances any priest could advise the girl to enter the religious life.

This letter was described by Marie Belloc Lowndes as a "noble" one, as Hilaire was "only 21 at the time and had no income on which to keep a wife". It is not known if Elodie ever answered it.

The disappointment and regrets of that journey to America haunted Belloc through the years ahead, "for he always wished that he and Elodie had married there and then, at the high spring of their affection". Had they done so it is possible that he would have considered making his home in America, and in so doing have lost the powerful "sense of Europe" which was to be a guiding force in his future.

However, he maintained contact with Elodie and was probably encouraged by her to join the French Army to do his military service. It is possibly because he was safely out of the way in France that Bessie had hoped to persuade Elodie to visit her in England, although in her letter she did mention that he would have four days' leave at the New Year.

Elodie, for her part, was saddened and shocked by the death of her mother not long after Belloc's departure from San Francisco. She was determined to carry out Mrs Hogan's wishes and began a long and arduous preparation for the disciplines of the cloister.

For four years Belloc and Elodie had nothing to build on but correspondence and more memories. Belloc's military

career came to an end in September, 1892, when he left the army to take advantage of the opportunity suddenly afforded him through his sister's fiancé, Frederick Lowndes, to go to Oxford. Belloc went up to Balliol in Hilary term, 1893. He distinguished himself by his speeches and writing almost from the beginning and he gained first-class honours in his Schools examination in June, 1895. In July of that year he sat for but failed to obtain a fellowship at All Souls. He never forgave the college for refusing him, although others among the unsuccessful candidates were also men of some later distinction.

His disappointment became an obsession. Throughout his life he maintained that he had been rejected because of his "militant Catholicism" which, in fact, was a later development. It is more likely that the real reason for the refusal was grounded in his lack of universal popularity and his inability to take part in any conversation without attempting to dominate it. It was a quality which Elodie could both understand and contain, but his rejection seemed also to dash any hopes of marriage. This hopelessness was confirmed when Elodie finally entered a convent in Emmitsburg, Maryland, in October, 1895. However she remained a postulant and left of her own accord after a few months, to return to San Francisco.

Following the publication of *Verses and Sonnets*, Belloc embarked on a lecture tour of America in March, 1896. In mid May he arrived in San Francisco to find Elodie recovering from a serious breakdown, probably brought about by the exigencies of convent life and her recognition that the course she had pursued for so many years was never to be completed.

Belloc, too, suffered a form of collapse when they met again. It had been more than five years since their last meeting and during this period both had grown up and in some areas also away from the principles that had originally drawn them together. Yet apparently there was still enough of the memory of their love, still enough of a common attitude, on which to build for the future. The decision to marry, which after so long might have been regarded as a simple submission to circumstances, was reached rapidly and decisively once they were together again with all obstacles removed.

The courtship had lasted for six years, during which the bridegroom had twice made a round trip of almost 12,000 miles and the bride had searched her soul with a rare thoroughness. The bond between them was powerful and permanent. When Elodie died in 1914, so great was Belloc's sense of loss that he went into mourning for her for the rest of his life and was never again seen in public wearing anything but black.

Mechanical music in the West Country

by Mitch Pryce. Photographs by Roger Jones.



If you are touring the West Country next summer you may be fortunate enough to hear Ignacy Jan Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist, playing to some of the smallest audiences of his distinguished career. Paderewski died in 1941, but his music lives on in the form of self-playing pianos that reproduce his performances complete with pedalling, phrasing and expression.

The pianos are part of three fascinating collections of mechanical musical instruments, all to be found within reach of each other in the West Country.

Collector Paul Corin is now 78 but has been involved with mechanical music since he was a boy at Westminster School. When, in 1967, ill health forced him to close down his flour mill at St Keyne, near Liskeard, the then chairman of Cornwall County Council encouraged Corin to open his collection to the public. It is now deservedly one of Cornwall's tourist attractions.

The Old Mill has been converted into an exhibition hall to display some of the magnificent instruments in the collection, such as the 8 ton Mortier dance organ from Belgium, the rare Hanover fair organ, and a Welte Orchestrion from Germany which mimics the sounds of a full orchestra through resonatory on reed stops.

Corin's 33-year-old son Pip is even more dedicated than his father to the preservation of the instruments and when the Old Mill is closed to the public he spends hours renovating, rebuilding and tuning them, in addition to keeping

a sharp eye on the market for additions to the collection. He is an accomplished musician and can perform a rousing turn on the Hupfeld theatre organ made in Leipzig; the quality trade name from the 19th century is still used by the German Democratic Republic's state-owned company.

Farther north and just over the Devon border in Thornbury, Ronald Leach displays his 20-year-old collection in the Devon Museum of Mechanical Music. It includes a giant 84-key fairground organ built in 1919 which on a quiet night can be heard a mile away. Leach has raised £12,000 for various charities playing it across the country.

His collection also includes tiny musical boxes, a mechanical jazz band and a reproducing piano which can play original Paderewski but which rarely does, due to a lack of popular demand. The summer tourists are much more likely to appreciate less intellectually demanding pieces such as "If You Knew Susie" or the "Tiger Rag".

The third collection in the area is at Goldsithney near Penzance, where Douglas and Shelagh Berriman have expanded their mechanical music collection to include magic lantern and bioscope displays and an old penny arcade. But their showpiece is possibly a violin which plays itself with metal "fingers" and a circular bow.

For most visitors, their main link with mechanical music is likely to have been the Pianola, the foot-controlled music-roll player found in many a parlour in

the early 20th century. But the Pianola, manufactured by the American Aeolian Company, represents the tip of the iceberg of mechanical music, most of which melted in the face of the overwhelming success of the gramophone and the wireless set.

Although evidence suggests that mechanical music was attempted 300 years before the birth of Christ, its wider popularity really began in the 17th century, peaked in the late 19th century, and faded between the two world wars.

The musical box owed its popularity to Antoine Favre, a Swiss watchmaker, who in 1796 perfected a "means of establishing carillons without bells or hammers" using a tuned steel tooth plucked, in the earliest examples, either by pins set in a flat wheel or by projections set in the outer surface of the spring barrel, producing an acceptable pitch within a tiny mechanism.

The musical box became increasingly popular during the 19th century, and new designs were introduced to satisfy public demand. But by the 1880s a musical box which played and changed perforated tin discs, thus giving a wider repertoire of tunes at a cheaper price, superseded the cylinder and comb boxes.

Inventions usually result from



From Ronald Leach's collection, an early 20th-century Pianola, (top); above, a 1904-05 Phonograph, a fair organ and, at right, an automatic jazz band.

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Mechanical music in the West Country



Ronald Leach operating a Celestina hand-tuned portable reed organ.

the efforts of more than one person, as in the case of changeable discs. But the unusual thing about Ellis Parr of London and Paul Lochmann of Leipzig, who patented their inventions in England within a week of each other in 1885, was that instead of fighting in the courts they agreed to co-operate in building the Symphonium, the forerunner of the gramophone. Its runaway success made Leipzig the new capital of mechanical music. Even when two of Lochmann's best workers left to set up a rival company, the market was big enough for both to thrive.

At the wealthier end of the market, orchestrons were being produced in smaller numbers in Berlin, the Black Forest and Leipzig. Many of these impressive monsters spent their lives in the conservatories of larger houses, and were hand-cranked by butlers. Others occupied dance halls and skating rinks where they saved the proprietors the cost of hiring a band.

Music for the common man was more likely to be in the form of pneumatic player pianos which used jets of air under pressure to work the notes. The invention of pleated cardboard music and paper rolls with perforations which passed over pedal-operated air jets and activated the hammers were major developments that helped to lower the price of these mechanical instruments. The reproducing piano, a sophisticated version of the player piano, was patronized by Paderewski, along with other famous names including Grieg, Debussy, Fauré, Glazunov, Mahler, Ravel and Richard Strauss. Fairground organs also used perforated cardboard music and helped make the reputations of Gavioli of Paris and Mortier of Antwerp.

Thanks to the West Country collections, and also the more widely known Museum of Frank Holland at Brentford, the achievements of the past are not being forgotten.



Chanel for gentlemen

Back to the peacock days of cricket

by I. M. Corkett and R. W. Goddard

"Cricket cannot rival the world of horses, foxes, birds and dogs for colour and adventure, while the dazzling attires of horsemen at a meet are as champagne compared to the unvarying whiteness of the cricketer." (Ivring Rosenwater, *A Portfolio of Cricket Prints*, 1962.)

When cricket was first played, as the recreation of shepherds on the chalk downlands of southern England, "unvarying whiteness" was the natural rule of dress. The white smocks, off-white "shirts of canvas" and cream-coloured "strawer hats" fitted easily into a green, Wealden landscape. The natural backdrop, the rustic players and the natural materials they employed—wood, leather and grass—created a lasting image of rural England.

But 250 years later the idyllic landscapes with cricketing details, and the aquatints of white on green have given way to pictures of a much harsher kind: those beamed to our television screens by satellite from the other side of the world. With the flick of a switch we have been to Australia for night cricket. The images linger. At the Sydney cricket ground banks of floodlights turn night into brilliant day. Dennis Lillee is bowling. We recognize the mane of shaggy hair and the bandit moustache but our eyes are caught by his lightweight shirt trimmed with orange and yellow and the flared trousers, striped at the seams.

Lillee tosses the white ball down at Mike Brearley, England's captain. A blue pit-helmet covers his heavy beard; dark blue pads stand out against

white flannels and the red and yellow of a MCC touring sweater. The umpires, too, have swapped their white, surgical coats for "bumble-bee" costumes of apricot and black. Cricket is evidently no longer a game of light and shade but a kaleidoscope of colour. The era of "unvarying whiteness" has passed and the peacock era is with us.

Coloured clothing is just one aspect of a commercial revolution that has affronted the traditional followers of cricket. For many, the game invented by shepherds has finally fallen prey to the wolves of big business, and in particular to Kerry Packer, an entrepreneur cutting himself in on some profitable action. When cricketers no longer perform in white clearly something is amiss.

But occasionally history has a surprise in store for the traditionalist, and in the 19th-century history of cricket there is ample proof that the more things change, the more they stay the same.

When the young Disraeli was painted in oils as a batsman at the wicket in 1824, he wore the standard cricketing dress of his day: a tall hat, white shirt, flannel trousers, a neckerchief, sober brown boots and a simple belt. By the time that Charles Dickens was painted opening the bowling in a charity match in the garden of his home, Gadshill Place, in 1868 this plain and starched outfit had yielded to team colours—in this case, blue and white hooped shirts and pilbox hats. If we move further on in history and leaf through the pages of the *Boy's Own Annual* for 1880, we find a vividly colourful lithograph of the top

21 cricketers of the day in full sartorial splendour: jackets, hats, scarves, belts and boots of every design and material; striped, hooped, spotted and quartered shirts of every colour. In the 19th century, as in the 20th, "unvarying whiteness" gave way to striking colour.

In both cases, the root cause of change was money. Throughout its history, cricket has been promoted by individuals for profit. In the 18th and early 19th centuries profit was to be made from gambling on single-wicket contests. In 1846 the last of a series of national, cricketing "prize-fights" was played, and in the same year William Clarke rounded up the leading professionals of his time, including such legendary figures as Felix, Mynn, Pilch, Box, Wisden, Lillywhite and Beldham, to constitute the famous All-England XI, which thereafter toured the country playing all corners for stakes. While mills and factories sprang up all over the country, cricket was converted from the thoughtful pastime of rustics and gentlefolk into a highly profitable business. Clarke, Victorian entrepreneur *par excellence*, was quick to understand the connexion between expertise, striking colours and money.

His team was skilful and, in their silk polka-dot shirts and sashes, distinctive. In many ways they recalled the great

Coloured cricket clothes changed in the 19th century from the subdued, below, to the spots and stripes of the All-England XI in 1863-64, below right, and the bold colour of the top players of 1880, right.



18th-century days of the Hambledon Club, which under John Nyren and in the famous uniform of sky-blue coats, snow-white vests and beaver hats scored many wins over the Rest of England.

By the 1860s, as a result of Clarke's circus experiment, an embryonic County Championship had been set up, emphasizing cricket's financial shift from "the book" to "the turnstile". A body of professional sportsmen could be maintained only by a paying public: an urban population demanded entertainment, skill, rivalry, variety and colour. To Victorian businessmen, the equation was second nature. Our image of Lillee bowling to Brearley reminds us of those Victorian days a century earlier, when a

similarly moustachioed F. R. "Demon" Spottorth bowled to an even more fully bearded W. G. Grace.

Yet in the years between these hirsute players, the Australian fast bowler and the English captain, cricket lost much of its vital individuality and colour; the entrepreneurial zeal disappeared. Long forgotten were the darlings and dandies of Victorian crowds when in 1968 a Yorkshire batsman, Ken Taylor, turned out for his county sporting a fine, black beard, only to be asked by the MCC, politely but firmly, to shave it off. Increasingly, in the 1950s and 1960s ruinous emphasis was placed on spotlessness and professionalism. Blac-

colized cricket's drift towards dreary attrition. Whereas in 1868, the Aborigine tourists to England wore different coloured sashes to identify themselves to crowds—the players' names and colours being listed in the scorecard—by 1968 players were indistinguishable from one another at the boundary's edge: not just "flannelled fools" but now "faceless" as well.

Change to more casual dress and more appealing and individual fashions was continuously resisted. In 1973 Hampshire's Barry Richards experimented with a blue bat, while Surrey's Graham Roope flourished an orange one. Coloured bats were immediately banned. In the same year Gary



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MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB

Back to the peacock days of cricket

Sobers provoked comment by wearing flared flannels in a Test against England. In 1975 coloured sunhats worn by a number of the touring West Indians were banned outright, an act bereft of logic as caps could still be all colours of the rainbow. While golfers, soccer players and Wimbledon tennis stars appeared in eye-catching colours, the cricket authorities stood firm. What may seem now to be the worst excesses of slovenly behaviour on the field in the 1970s can also be seen as the reaction to this kind of rigid authoritarianism.

But whatever sanctions were employed, pressure mounted for change, pressure deriving from cricket's growing audience during the 1970s, both at the turnstile and on the television screen. Perhaps the fulcrum of change was the 1972 England v Australia series: "Dad's Army" against "Chappelli's Mafiosi"; sober English professionals against aggressively fashionable young Australians. The arrival of a new line of crowd-pulling fast bowlers after Lillee in 1972 rekindled enthusiasm for cricket as a spectacular and entertaining sport.

This was the game that Packer bought up in 1977. His philosophy, as Clarke's had been a century earlier, was a simple "cake and circuses" one: in this case, money for the underpaid players and entertainment for a mass audience. Hence the night cricket, and hence the spectacular reversion to bright colours in the team outfits.

This kind of colourful display won a



PATRICK FAGAR

The outfits worn today by Kerry Packer players, above, bear little resemblance to the whites of W. G. Grace, above left.

simple reaction from the cricketing *cognoscenti*: resentment. Yet in fact a wheel of history had simply come full circle. Colour was nothing new, and neither was circus grotesquerie. Look, for example, at Henry Alken's water-colour of a match in 1825 featuring a one-legged team of Chelsea pensioners and a one-armed side from Greenwich Hospital (in 1796 a similar match at Walworth, played for similar stakes of 1,000 guineas, had ended in a riot). Or consider the Aboriginal tourists to England in 1868 entertaining the crowds during the intervals with exhibitions of spear and boomerang throwing.

The development of elaborate protective equipment, notably the crash-helmet, has been another heresy for the purists. In 1976, Brian Close faced the

West Indian fast bowlers bare-headed. By 1979 even Geoff Boycott had come round to using a headguard in his own interests.

It was ever thus. As Felix (Nicholas Wanoostrocht) recalls in his book *Felix on the Bat*, the need for protection was manifest as soon as round-arm bowling was legalized, in 1828. Yet it was considered unmanly to wear pads in a match, rather as Brearley was reviled for wearing a crash helmet at Lord's in 1978. Felix took to slipping lengths of rubber into pouches inside his flannels. Ultimately one Robert Robinson batted with planks of wood strapped to his shins. This was condemned because of complaints about the noise when the ball struck the guards. When Lillee used an aluminium bat in a Test match in Perth

last December it, too, was condemned for being noisy.

All this should be borne in mind by those who watched with dismay highly paid cricketers disporting themselves in coloured costumes under floodlights in Australia. They might care to remember, for instance, that the very first England team to tour Australia, under H. H. Stephenson in 1861-62 employed differently coloured sashes and ribbons to identify individual stars and that the tour was a commercial enterprise sponsored by the catering firm of Spiers & Pond, who realized a profit of £11,000 on the venture. What use *that* company might have made of television, with its breaks for advertising, should reconcile us to Kerry Packer and his "modern" circus troupe.



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History in wax

by John Morgan



"First we come to Madame Tussaud's as children, then as parents and finally as grandparents." The remark, offered by one of the cheerful crowd who run the exhibition in Marylebone Road, had about it both the truth and sonority of the Biblical, a more charming Ecclesiastes perhaps. The tone was catching. The Tower of London, the Changing of the Guard, Hampton Court, Madame Tussaud's: and which is the greatest of these? Surprisingly, that quartet of attractions endures. Come war, come peace, come changes of government, the fall of this power, the rise of that empire, the children and their parents still stare and gasp. Yet this one of the quartet is a commercial outfit, distinct from the authentic power of state. Not that children can always distinguish, as I recall on my visit in 1936, a midget on a day trip from Swansea when, as now, Madame Tussaud's was a necessary staging post in the Big City. I found it hard to distinguish between the experience of the waxworks, the depiction of royalty, and the palaces which they once had lived in or occupied at present. Undoubtedly I recall a sense of the reality of the wax kings and queens and great murderers.

That it should be so among children of my time is understandable. We

Modeller Ian Hansen creates a popular anti-hero of the day—Larry Hagman, the infamous J. R. Ewing in the television series *Dallas*.

hardly knew the cinema, television was a generation away. The celebrated, either in history or on the football or cricket fields, were one-dimensional pictures or paintings, heroes on fag-cards, immobile, never in the round. Now the audience for the Tussaud figures have seen their heroes move and speak on the silver screen whether large or small. So why should it be that two-and-a-half million people every year visit this emporium of the past and present?

One reason, to be blunt, is that it is out of the rain. Another, to be equally blunt, is that it is an enduring characteristic of parents that they, like their own parents, have small idea what to do with children, and so, believing a child needs a treat, resume the folk-memory, however ill-remembered the treat. Indeed, a cynic might suggest that Madame Tussaud, that determined, brilliant 18th-century French death-mask maker, possessed an eerie insight into 20th-century taste. The Chamber of Horrors, the parade of royalty, the uproar of battle—our television moguls know nothing she didn't: and television, too, is out of the rain.

Therefore, not trusting too much my

own reflections on the matter, I mooched about among visitors. It seemed to me most tourists were both adult and foreign. Juliet Simpkins who speaks (and very elegantly) for the place had suggested that Americans, Germans and Scandinavians came in the largest numbers; I just happened to meet a lot of Asians. Two Malaysians offered the view that they had learned more about British history in one day than in a lifetime, a remark of some ambiguity, but enthusiastically meant. Their true love was the Chamber of Horrors and especially the death of Gary Gilmore. This last I had thought effective enough to be almost as disgraceful as the event itself, but our Malaysian guests found such fastidiousness inexplicable. Two Brahmin Indian ladies offered the thought that they had always wondered what the kings and queens of England had really looked like. I gained the impression from them, as from some others, that they believed the figures of the Tudors and early Hanoverians had been created from life. For me, this was the beginning of a certain time-war which stayed with me throughout my inquiries.

Americans there certainly were, as ignorant of British history as we of theirs. Madame Tussaud's for them, had the edge on Disneyland, because the latter was only a substitute for a past. "How," one asked me, "could Henry keep on finding women to marry him when they knew their predecessors had been executed?" "Why," I responded, "do American men marry so often when they have to pay so much alimony?" Brooding on this we moved along and came to Lenin. "Who, he?" asked the Brooklyn boy. "Lenin," said his pal. "Lenin was the father of his people," he added, as if that was that. The Bolshevik hero is a brilliant likeness, or is it that he composed his face so expertly for photographs? I suggest the people best captured in the 20th century are those we are least familiar with, whose still pictures rather than mobile images are in our mind's eye.

But alongside whose waxwork, ask yourself next time you take the children or grandchildren, would you have your picture taken? Here two Swedish boys are photographed alongside Gustavus Adolphus; a middle-aged lady from Bradford with Kojak; two grave women from Singapore with Margaret Thatcher; an Indian lady with Gandhi. While a young Indian girl had hers

History in wax

taken—"I lost my head in London"—as if impaled on a spike.

That the exhibition can be educational is pretty soon evident once an area of personal ignorance is discovered. For example, in the representation of the Battle of Trafalgar: the dreadful noise of modern bombing and armour is familiar, but I had not realized how appalling was the volume of sound in sea battles of the past. Many sailors must have been deafened for life.

Manifold, then, are the causes of popularity of this national institution, but one above all; and one which accords with the view of Ian Hansen who, with a team of 28, is in charge of making the graven images. He thinks they provide, as television and still pictures cannot do quite so satisfactorily, a sense of proximity to the historical figure or the celebrity. Visitors, he points out, however absurd this might seem, gain a sense of physical presence. Often they are surprised at the stature of public figures, guessing them wildly too tall: it seems still a popular belief that famous people must be big people. Yet who were among the shortest, had the smallest feet? Napoleon, Lloyd George, Hitler. Visitors are puzzled to find that Churchill was not a physical giant.

Television and the familiarity it creates must give rise to a difficulty Madame Tussaud's sculptors did not face in the past, for all that Ian Hansen minimizes it. The immobility of the waxen image focusses attention on the expression, which an audience can at once place. While I was there the portrait of Geoffrey Boycott was being prepared. Which Boycott were we to see? We have seen him in so many moods over the years. For Ian Hansen this was no new problem since before coming to Madame Tussaud's he had been a sculptor in bronze living in Yorkshire. As he points out there are substantial differences in working in wax from working in bronze, one of which is that wax is translucent and lacks that lively reflection of light bronze affords.

Here is his team matching eyeballs. There are few experiences quite so disconcerting as walking back-stage at Madame Tussaud's and glimpsing a bowl full of eyes, perhaps because it reminded me of arriving for dinner with a' sheikh in Kuwait and realizing that I was the guest nominated to eat the sheep's eye that stared at me from a mound of rice. And there is the hair. A young lady was spending five weeks on one head alone manoeuvring each hair into a scalp. Others are specialists in colouring. Making wax images is a far from simple business.

You find much that is strange as you wander round Madame Tussaud's. There is a dressing room crowded with uniforms of all periods, cricket bats, high boots, suits, dresses, mostly belonging to people now dead. It looks for all the world like a costume department in a television centre or an opera house. ➡



Top and above, in the Chamber of Horrors, a victim of the Terror, and Burke and Hare with a "specimen" for dissection. Opposite, heroes of yesterday in the store room at Wookey Hole include Ho Ch'i-minh, Tommy Steele, Khrushchev and Shaw.





THE FAMOUS GROUSE
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN - SCOTLAND. NOTED FOR
ITS CHARACTER AND DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE



Quality in an age of change.



Ian Hansen does not in general nowadays mould the wax on a sitter's face. Hands, yes, from time to time. Tom Baker, Dr Who in the BBC's enduring serial, has had three sittings for his hands. Ian Hansen had just returned from seeing Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary; it was a hectic period of critical EEC negotiations, so Hansen enjoyed a shorter period of time with him than is ideal for all the measurements and studies that need to be made. Here again it is the capturing of the significant expression that is as vital as any statistics. Lord Carrington was presenting a suit, shoes and tie for his image

to wear. Most subjects do. And such is the appeal throughout the world of the exhibition that President Sadat of Egypt, when his perpetual crisis was at one of its frequent moments of explosion, not merely found time for Ian Hansen but offered the suit he had been wearing on the day he was inducted as head of state. A little different from the circumstances described in a cheerful verse of 1884:

"There was an old woman called
Tussaud
Who loved the grand folk in *Who's Who* so
That she made them in wax



Top left, making the sculpture—in this case of Mao Tse-tung; centre left, pouring wax into the mould; left, breaking the mould and removing the head; top, casting hands; above centre, a choice of hands and arms; above, the pernickety process of inserting individual hairs into the waxen scalp. In addition eyes must be carefully matched to those of the subject, and the model must be appropriately dressed. Often the subject gives clothes for this purpose.

History in wax

Both their front and their backs
And asked no permission to do so."

All this began at the end of the 18th century when the young Madame Tussaud in Paris visited the graveyard where the heads of the guillotined lay and made death masks. The heads of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre remain in the exhibition. Madame Tussaud had known them in life. Napoleon and Marat had been among her acquaintances and subjects. Before this visit I had read her extraordinary life written by Anita Leslie and Pauline Chapman (*Madame Tussaud* published by Hutchinson), a book warmly recommended as a study of one of those determined, self-willed women of that time. Her own self-portrait, made when she was 81, stands in the hallway at the Exhibition, a permanent evocation, along with the French Revolutionary dead she modelled, of a genuinely disconcerting insight into the past.

That the past should be the future for Madame Tussaud could stand, for those who like that kind of analysis, as a metaphor for Britain. Here we are with a dubious prospect before us, yet what a history, so let's pull up the bedclothes and dream. More puzzling is that in a period of increasing unemployment, what might be called a leisure industry should be so dynamic; and yet is it so puzzling? The majority of people are still in work and with higher wages than ever; and there are always the tourists. So much so that one of the concerns of the managing director, Michael Herbert, is how to keep the crowds happy when they have to queue; how to keep the flow moving without discomfort or overcrowding in a business so brisk in the holiday season.

By profession Michael Herbert is an accountant; he came to the Marylebone Road in 1968 and so was there when the plan was launched to open a similar exhibition in Amsterdam and when the company bought Chessington Zoo, then Wookey Hole in Somerset in 1973 and Warwick Castle in 1978. He took over as managing director in 1976, just before the company was taken over by the Pearson Group, an event that caused much perturbation which has proved to be misplaced. The firm has expanded more confidently, catching the tide of a new audience footloose and anxious to gape. Herbert speaks quite frankly of the difficulties of success, as when, in August, 2,000 tickets an hour are being sold:

"We try to open early if we can; the staff talk to the queues, to reassure them. But if you are a popular place there is a limit to what you can do without making people cross; so many of them have come a long way. To ration by price would seem unfair. One solution would be for the patterns of school holidays and examinations to change, but that is out of our hands. Amsterdam and Warwick are just as popular. In Wookey Hole we had over 300,000

visitors a year, so that it is much the same in Somerset and there we did assure everyone that we would do nothing to disturb the character of the area."

I dare say the incursions will be as steady at the new exhibition at Windsor, even handier for tourists than Wookey Hole. Ian Hansen had described to me with much spirit his plans for converting Queen Victoria's waiting room at the Windsor and Eton station into yet another flowering of British nostalgia: it will be June, 1897, the Diamond Jubilee. Here will be the royal train; there 30 Guardsmen on parade; and there imperial dignitaries hot foot to the junketing. Barrel organs will play. If it is the case, as it seemed to me, that foreign visitors hold in regard the British past as much as do the British, little wonder Sir Peter Parker and BR are so enthusiastic about the enterprise.

For this particular tourist Wookey Hole was handy for an examination of that problem of success the managing director had talked about. I could see his point, although on the Sunday I was there the passage of visitors through the awesome caves, the antique, working paper mill, Lady Bangor's colourful and musical fair-ground into the orthodox Tussaud section, was comfortable enough. Had there been, say, an extra 500 people, then we would not have had groups small enough for a guide to cope with. And then how would we have known that this is generally understood to be the place Coleridge had in mind when he wrote of Alph, the sacred river, whose caverns were, as you will recall, measureless to man? Or that an 18th-century vandal, another poet, Alexander Pope, had come here with a few fellow-hooligans, and blasted down stalagmites that had stood a few millenia and taken them home to Twickenham?

Here that discomfiting time-warp that can strike in the Marylebone Road becomes acute. These caverns were occupied by our ancestors from 250 BC to AD 400, a thought which can occupy the mind for a while. But there is more to come, because here are kept what might be called the melancholy spares or rejects of Madame Tussaud's. Here sceptre and crown have certainly tumbled down and in the wax been equal made. If ever there was a place for Hamlet to offer his thoughts about "poor Yorick" it is here.

The poignancy of seeing on a shelf the head of an old colleague, the late Richard Dimbleby, is comprehensible; equally the late Lord Attlee. Yet here also is Lord George-Brown who is very much alive, and there Eamonn Andrews. It was remarked of a biographer that he lent a fresh terror to death: Madame Tussaud's offers a fresh peril to the successful. How awful to have enjoyed a transient fame and then, taking the children or grandchildren on an outing in the Mendips, to stare at one's head placed among the rejects. To be truly secure it is best to be without great success or, if that cannot be managed, to be a monarch or a spectacular murderer. Then fame, at Madame Tussaud's, is likely to be eternal ●



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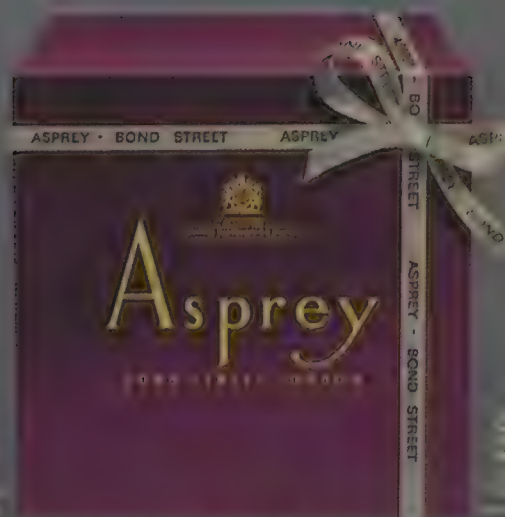
Don't leave home without it.



A penchant for pin cushions

The collection of pin cushions shown here is just a tiny selection of your most likely to be treasured items by Ann Fennell. One of the nation's foremost in pin cushions since 1954, when Fennell's first pin cushion was made, she has since then made a name for herself as a New York pin and cushion designer. Her designs have been featured in many magazines, and she has been named one of the top 100 pin designers in the world. Her designs range from the simple to the complex, and she has been named one of the top 100 pin designers in the world. Her designs range from the simple to the complex, and she has been named one of the top 100 pin designers in the world.





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Ask me another one

Short story by Douglas Dunn. Drawings by Trevor Philpot.



On December 21, no matter the day of the week, I drive round the corner and pick up Charlie Balfour before it is light. Together we take our lives in our hands and drive down that long road from Edinburgh to Galloway. Weather may slow us down but it has yet to stop us.

Twenty years is a long time to keep up the ritual of re-visiting the grave of a dead friend on the anniversary of his burial. We tell our wives that we cannot let Mrs Miller down, for Thomas's mother is still alive. She looks forward to seeing us, so close to Christmas. It is our Christmas duty. To begin with our wives thought it no more than decent that we should make such a long trip, for the sake of our friend's memory and for the sake of visiting his mother. The memory of that neat little town was still

fresh in their minds. They had known Thomas, liked him, and understood how close the three of us had been as students at university and afterwards.

Thomas was not the most brilliant student in our class but he was by far the liveliest. As soon as we had taken our MAs together he surprised us by staying on to study divinity. That was unexpected enough, for if Thomas was unusual in that he went to church twice on a Sunday, we hardly credited him with the intention of becoming a minister of the Kirk. A few years later we were confirmed in bemusement when Thomas announced that he had been selected to replace the retiring minister of the parish in which he had been born and brought up. "Perfect timing," he said. "I knew I'd do it. I'm

the luckiest man in Scotland."

He had the looks of a sportsman and the conversation of the sort of scholar whose social life is too interesting for him to stay cloistered with his books when there are pleasures to be enjoyed. Tall, fair, mischievous, with a ruggedness of features which the charm of his manners softened, he looked as if he had been invented by John Buchan. As everyone knows, in the mythology of Scottish success, it is necessary to have been born in a remote, bucolic spot, with, if you can manage it, a plough in your hand. An offshore rock, a lonely farm—these, it seems, are necessary for the backward glance of statesman or poet. Thomas had the credentials in having been brought up in Kirkphairn, a little town in the south-west, so small a

motorist can miss it even if he has been there before.

Last year the high hills were covered in snow on that miserable stretch between Selkirk and Moffat. The narrow road was choked with "artics" and juggernauts. Snow was heaped into walls by the roadside, some several feet high, and here and there great piles of it appeared to overhang the road, slit by watery runnels, flecked with grit. As we passed St Mary's Loch, the water looked deep, dark and legendary.

"Thomas's mother will wonder what's happened to us," Charlie said, petulant, hours before the proper time for anxiety. He's a worrier, a fidget, a man who consults his wrist when he's forgotten his watch. Each slow-moving truck we fell in behind made

Ask me another one

him groan with impatience. Between Beattock and Thornhill the traffic was light and I could pick up speed. "I wish you'd slow down a bit!" he shouted, as I passed the car that had passed another car which I had also overtaken, unaware that the blind summit of a hill would rear up before me so soon. "I must learn how to drive." He said it with the determined hopelessness of a man who's been saying he'll learn how to drive a car ever since the day he was old enough to apply for a licence.

Thornhill, Moniaive, then New Galloway, all looked picturesque and respectable in the winter sun. The sight of snow was now increasingly in the distance, north of us and to the east. It felt as though we were entering a different country. Each church we passed, well set among its evergreens and grave-stones, reminded us of Thomas. He had an anecdote for every minister in every parish, either a present incumbent or some old worthy of the past. "For a minister," Charlie said, "he was downright critical at times. I always thought he'd get himself into trouble. 'I hate a muttering preacher,'" he quoted. "It was the way he said things. 'If there's anything worse than one Kirk pedant, it's two of them together.' I used to think he'd taken the cloth to subvert the Kirk from inside."

"He must have impressed the high-ups," I said. "I've heard that parishes down this way are sought after, on account of their covenanting traditions."

"I know that," said Charlie, unable to let a mere teacher of English vaunt more historical knowledge than he, a teacher of history.

"And neither of us has a right to an opinion," I said, "considering we haven't been in a church since Thomas died, save in the line of duty."

"We might have been very different," said Charlie, in his earnest manner that sounds like the voice of antiquity, "if Thomas had lived. We followed him in other things. Why not in religion?"

"Charlie, can you see me as a minister?"

"I didn't mean all the way. I meant as a practising Presbyterian."

"The idea of me in anyone's congregation is absolutely risible," I said, pretending to be annoyed with him, for it brings out the lovably pathetic side of Charlie's nature, "and you know it."

"I'm as unlikely to be caught singing hymns as you are. Don't say you see signs of a forthcoming conversion in me? Who do you think I am? Saul, on the road to Kirkphairn? Can you honestly see me handing out the hymnals at the church door? Can you even see me getting up early enough?"

"You always looked forward to hearing Thomas preach."

"And who was with me?" he squeaked, a peep of unctuous triumph.

"What I'm remembering," I said, "is your deeply engrossed attention during his sermons."

"I could say the same of you!"

"For all I know, it wouldn't surprise me if you were on your knees every night, in the privacy of your bathroom."

"When you're a man's guest, in his house, on a Sunday, and that house is a manse and your friend's a minister, then it's not easy to excuse yourself from going to church."

Loch Ken sparkled in the clear light of that winter morning. The countryside looked like the world before industry. Coniferous green waved in the cold wind. Melted frost touched the land with what appeared as a benevolent wetness. "It's a long drive," I said, "for an argument with you, a chat with an old woman, a few beers and a minute or two of stale, old sorrow."

"True," said Charlie. "It's not in your nature to be so charitable, or seasonal either, if it comes to that."

Kirkphairn begins as a broken name-plate at the roadside. A mile farther on you reach a junction with a B road, and a garage. Some way beyond it are two or three stone villas in large gardens and, on the other side of the road, the church, with the ruin of a much older church beside it. The village itself consists of houses on either side of the main road, which widens into the semblance of a square, although it is not broad enough. To arrive at 11 o'clock in the morning is to see the street relatively preoccupied with its business. The butcher's shop is open, the post office is open and the grocery store that went self-service a few years ago is also open. Each shop makes its Christmas gestures with holly, tinsel and paper decorations. Posters announce the Young Farmers' Association's Christmas Dance.

On December 21 most of those you see in Kirkphairn are women and children. Later, at the lunch hour, men will come home for lunch from the farms they work on, and tractors will be parked outside houses. Other men work in a cheese factory, or in the depot of the Milk Marketing Board. A few work for the Forestry Commission. The war memorial has as many names on it as you might see men on the street of Kirkphairn in an entire day. It is not the sort of street on which you will see a painted matron on the wrong side of 50 in thigh-length boots, walking her poodle. It's the sort of place where you have trouble buying a newspaper after ten o'clock, where every shop shuts at the same lunch hour and at the same time in the early evening. There are no strangers.

I parked opposite the terrace of one-storey cottages where Mrs Miller lives. A little ahead of us the white-washed Kirkphairn Arms juts out into the road. A curtain moved at the window of the adjoining house as Charlie opened Mrs Miller's gate. He knocked on the door, opened it and called, "Mrs Miller?"

"Arthur? Charlie?" she called back, from her living-room. I could tell from her voice she was trying to stand up.

When we saw her she had sat back in her armchair, leaning on her stick with one hand with the other stretched out towards us. "All that way, Arthur," she

said, as I held the bony fingers of her hand, "and I've never known you to be late." She drew me to her to kiss me.

"Nice piece of apple. Nice piece of apple," said Thomas's old parrot, perched inside the same spacious cage he had bought in Glasgow on that day I insisted that his feathered pest be denied the freedom of our flat.

"Nice piece of apple," said Charlie, in the voice people use when talking to parrots. He plucked the wires of its cage with his fingernails.

"Nice piece of apple." The bird has a beak like a cutlass. In its bright plumage it looks like a captain of Utopian Cossacks. At one time that tropical mimic was well used to Thomas's obsessive descriptions of its exotic looks. It has been called an Aztec Cardinal, the Pimp That Led The Whore of Babylon Astray, and, by me, if less inventively, Bad Beak. Thomas baptized it as John Knox, but his mischief was like that. It squawked as if it remembered us from the days when the three of us roomed together in the sort of flat off Byres Road that is passed from one generation of students to another.

"Everything's still where it was last year," said Thomas's mother, "an' it was Arthur made the tea last year, for I remember it, so go you, Charlie, an' infuse the pot." Her Gallovidian voice has the authority of a matriarchal understanding that she will be obeyed. "An' you, Arthur, can put a bit of coal on the fire."

Mrs Miller is well looked after by her neighbours and friends. The neat pile of logs at one side of the hearth, the cardboard box of kindling, two buckets of coal with coal-tongs laid on the top of one of them, have all been supplied or brought in from outside by a helping hand. We never see Mrs Veitch, who lives next door, apart from a sign that she has been watching for us to arrive, and a wave when we leave.

Sitting with Mrs Miller, I thought of myself as a man who was being good, virtuous even, who was doing good, like a non-believer performing Christian housekeeping. She asked about our wives, children and jobs, where we had been on holiday, and what we were doing at Christmas. Listening to her questions, answering them, I feel myself trapped between respectability and the cynicism of a suburbanite who believes he has had less from life than he could have had. She can even tell if the suit I'm wearing is different from the one I wore the year before. In my suit, my white shirt, my serious tie, my polished black shoes, I feel dressed the way Mrs Miller wants me to look. Or dressed for a confrontation with the pre-war climate Mrs Miller inhabits—and much of Kirkphairn, too, if only on the surface—but dressed to look as if I have already conceded the victory to the old-fashioned.

Charlie asked her if she felt fit enough to join us for lunch in the Kirkphairn Arms. "Oh no," she said sternly, "you'll eat here wi' me."

"Don't go to any trouble," I said.

"All these times you've taken me there! No, I won't hear of it. I felt gey

bad no' to be able to feed you here. Young Mrs Veitch's made us somethin', and she's brought it in in her casseroles."

"You shouldn't have put her out like that," said Charlie.

"She offered," said Mrs Miller. "An' I thought it such a grand notion, for I never see ye long enough, an' it's but the one time in the year that ye come to see me. But I'll let ye go an' see Thomas on y'r own, for I'm no' up to it."

"Lard's my shepherd," squawked John Knox. "Lard's my shepherd."

"I haven't heard it say that in years!"

"Then it's tellin' ye to bide here wi' me," said Mrs Miller, poking me in the leg with her stick, "an' no' gallivant down to that Kirkphairn Arms."

"Can a parrot remember words for that long?" said Charlie, staring at John Knox, as if his question was addressed to the bird, which looked at him, its head tilted to one side. "If it remembers that, then maybe it remembers Thomas. Come on, Knox," he said, clicking on the wires of its cage.

"He's called John," said Mrs Miller. "An' don't you encourage him either. A bird named for John Knox was a joke of Thomas's I could never abide. An' Mr MacBirnle, she said, meaning the minister who had replaced Thomas and who was still there, "was none too pleased when he heard a parrot blaspheme. He thought I'd taught it. It fair shook the poor man."

"Does it blaspheme?" Charlie asked, as if blasphemy was as much of a sin to him as it would be to a minister, or an old lady like Mrs Miller.

"You've just heard it," she said.

"All it said was 'Lord's my shepherd'. That's the 23rd Psalm, isn't it?" Charlie now sounded indignant that our friend's parrot should be accused of having been taught blasphemous phrases. It probably had, but "Lord's my shepherd" was not among them. "I would think Mr MacBirnle could tell the difference between blasphemy and the first words of the 23rd Psalm."

"It's a parrot!" said Mrs Miller. "Now don't you argue wi' me. A parrot that speaks words out the Bible's no' funny."

"But is it blasphemous?" Charlie asked. "What are you smiling at?" he asked me.

"Nothing," I said, but I was remembering Thomas practise his sermons before John Knox's colourful gaze. His performances for the parrot ranged from a drunken bigot on a Saturday night to the spirit of a Polynesian deity come to put the Church of Scotland off its stride.

"On ye go, Charlie," Mrs Miller ordered, "an' put these pans on the stove." She waved her stick at him. "How do ye tell a parrot's age?" she asked me, as Charlie left.

"I've no idea."

"That's the trouble wi' a wee place like this. There's nobody here knows either. What age was it when it was bought?"

"A man in the pub asked Charlie if he knew anyone who wanted to buy a parrot. He said to us he'd been asked



this outrageous question. Thomas asked what pub it was. Next thing we knew he was on his way. Half-an-hour later he had a parrot. To be frank, I've never liked it. You'll remember Byres Road? You and Mr Miller visited us there."

"Did we?" She thought for a moment. "I don't remember. Ask me another one."

"You don't remember?"

"Did I go up to do shopping with Mr Miller?"

"I think you did. If I'm right you got the bus to Stranraer and came up on the train."

"What year would that be?"

I counted back. "1953? Or 1952?"

"No, I don't remember. Ask me another one anyway."

Mrs Miller's appetite for being jolted into realizing she's forgotten much of what she wants to remember is the worst part of our visits. "You know it upsets you. Are you sure?" I asked her.

"I want to remember, Arthur. Ask me another one."

For weeks afterwards I can see her craning forward, listening closely as the clock ticks in its wooden case, in the heat of the fire, surrounded by the furniture and ornaments of a lifetime. "Do you remember that man Thomas had in his congregation? He might even have been an elder. That man who was always debating deep theological questions. He fancied himself as an expert."

"That'd be Mr Telford. Yes?"

"Then you'll remember that time when he walked back with us, spouting all the way. We couldn't understand a word. Thomas was nodding as if he followed the argument. Remember?"

"I'm sorry, Arthur. I can't say I do."

"But you'll remember how Mr Telford finally shut up, and then asked, 'What's your opinion, Mr Miller?' And what Thomas said?"

"No," she said sadly, as if she felt guilty.

"Was I there?" Charlie asked from the door holding an oven glove. "For I don't remember it either."

"You must remember. It was very funny."

"And I don't," said Mrs Miller.

When I had started, I had congratulated myself on dredging up from the depths of two decades or more an episode I felt sure Mrs Miller would remember and enjoy sharing. Now my role was to persuade them that it had actually happened.

"You don't remember Thomas saying, 'I hear that son of yours has got young Miss MacCulloch into trouble. What's your opinion of that, Mr Telford?'"

"The cheeky monkey," said Mrs Miller, with a laugh, enjoying how Thomas would have said it. "Did he say that?"

"You were there. You were both there. Charlie, we were standing right beside them."

"Never mind, Arthur. Ask me another one." I looked to Charlie. "You ask me," she urged him.

"I'm watching the dinner," he said. "Arthur'll remember something else."

Helping Mrs Miller to her feet, and supporting her as I guided her to a chair at her kitchen table, I had the same feeling of a man being uncharacteristically virtuous. As we went through, I continued with the story I'd been remembering when Charlie called us. It was one she came round to remembering. She added to it. It led to others that lasted throughout Mrs Veitch's lunch.

By the time Charlie and I left to go to the churchyard the street was quiet. A child was swinging on a gate. In ten minutes' time the shops would open again. Men who had come home to eat would drive back to work on their tractors, in their cars or on their bicycles. "It's always nice to know what good neighbours she has," Charlie said. "We ate the proof of it. They look after her. There's no doubt about it."

"I don't think I'd like living in a place where everyone knows everyone else," I said. "Half these folk are probably related."

"Don't you care about the old woman?"

"Of course," I said, "I'm glad to see she's well, and looked after."

"I wouldn't mind living here. Being head of that primary school up the road would suit me fine."

"Then why don't you try for a job like

that," I said, sharper than I meant to, "instead of saying the same thing, year after year?"

"It's coming to the point where I think I might just do that," he said.

"I wish you would."

"There's something in your nature I find absolutely abominable. That, for example," he said, as I closed the doors of my car. "You're a man who locks his car outside a church in a place like this. Who do you think'll steal it? The minister?"

We walked like two strangers heading for the same destination. "What's the matter?"

"I find it hard to forgive you for making up that tale about Thomas and Mr Telford," he said, angrily. "There are few things about Thomas I'm likely to forget, and I wouldn't have forgotten that if it had happened."

"It did happen."

"Would I have forgotten it if it had?"

"It happened!"

We looked at the unfanciful stone, with its absence of verse and its plain statements of fact, date of birth, date of death, parentage, vocation. "Well, Thomas," Charlie sighed, "we're here again." He opens with the same words every year. At least, on this occasion, it wasn't raining. "And as irreligious as ever, I'm sorry to say."

"Why are you so sorry about that?" I asked him. Other years I've left him to say his piece. In spite of the embarrassment of listening to a friend talking to a stone, I let him get on with it. "If you're sorry about it, Charlie, all you have to do is sign the dotted line. All you have to do is go, once in a while."

"If you can hear that idiot," Charlie said, his eyes glued to the stone, "then I hope you're laughing at him, the way you used to whenever he came over all agnostic and superior before things he knows nothing about."

"He isn't God," I said. "Go on, tell him we haven't had a drink to his memory yet. Tell him we ate a lunch made by Mrs Veitch, next door. Remember Mrs Veitch?" I said, speaking to the stone. "Come on then, Charlie. Tell Thomas you're planning on moving down to a nice quiet country

school. Fancies himself," I said to the stone, "as the village headmaster. He can't be a minister, or a country doctor, but he could, conceivably, be the next best thing, a dominie. He's like you were, Thomas—browned off with the 20th century."

I walked back to the car. "I'm sorry, Charlie," I said as he got in.

When we got back to Mrs Miller's we sat quietly as we drank tea. "Lard's my shepherd, Lard's my shepherd," squawked John Knox in his Aztec robes. Mrs Miller raised her stick to the cage and rapped it against the wires.

"It's time," I said to Charlie, "that we were getting on our way again. There's snow up there," I said to Mrs Miller, "and our wives will worry at us driving in the dark, with snow in the air."

We began putting our coats on. She beckoned me over to her chair, took my hand and drew me towards her. "It's no' that I'm greedy," she said, "but you've forgotten my Christmas present, an' I know ye wouldn't want to forget that." I had forgotten about it. Charlie's sullen silence and my own self-loathing had made me leave it on the back seat of the car. "Knowin' you two," she said, "you'd remember half-way up the road, and have to come back." I rushed out to the car, fetched the parcel and brought it in. It contained a cardigan, bought by my wife, and a shawl, bought by Charlie's. "I'll open it on Christmas Day," she said, laying it on her lap, smoothing the paper.

"Come down in the summer," she said to Charlie, "when it's warm. I've never met y'r wives, an' I'd like to."

"You met them at the funeral," I said, holding her hand. She tugged me towards her for my kiss. "Don't you remember?"

"No, No," she said. "No, I don't remember them."

"It was a long time ago," Charlie said, "but Arthur's right. Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't remember." There was a large tear in her eye.

"I think we'd better wait a bit longer," said Charlie, and I nodded in agreement.

"That's right," said Mrs Miller. "Ask me another one, Arthur."



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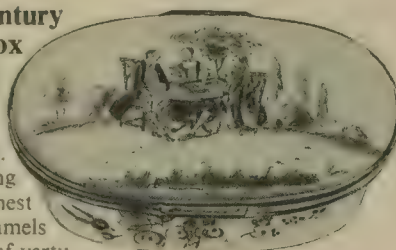


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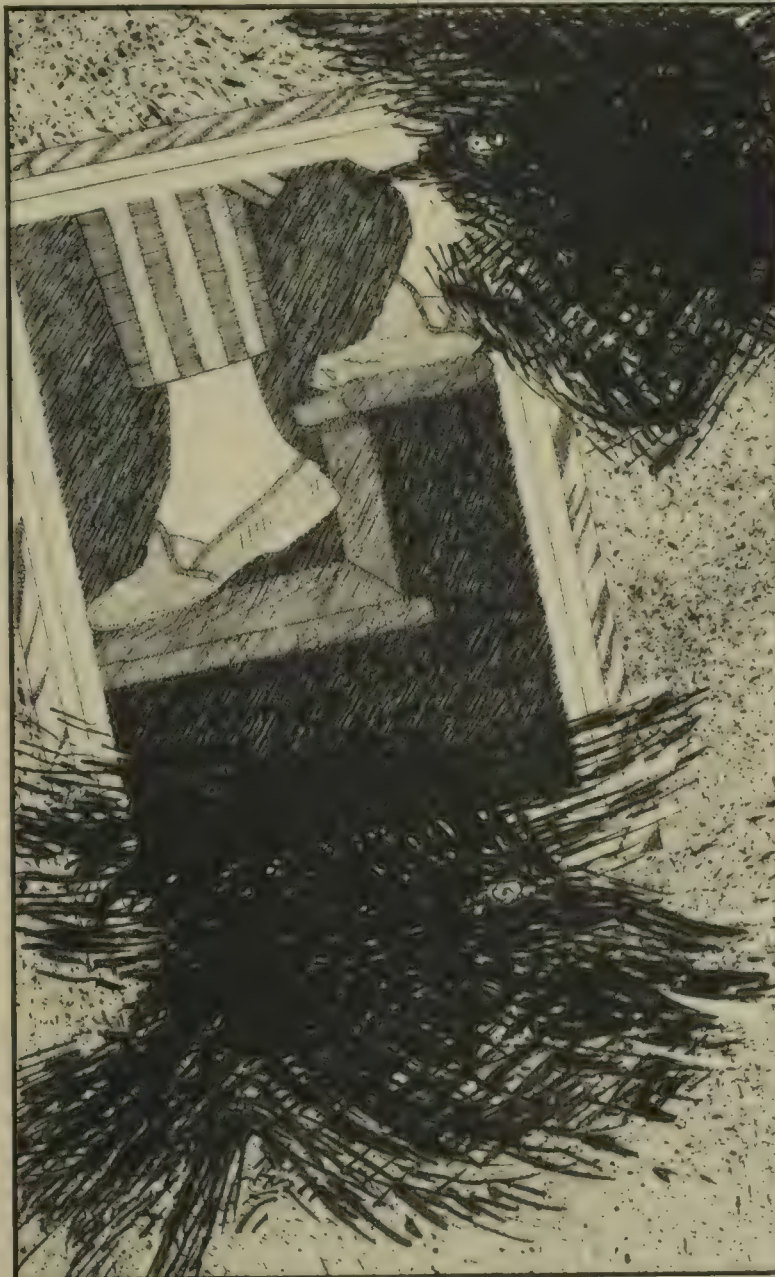
Short story by Stephen Gregory

As you go into the village on your way to Dartmoor there is a row of old almshouses. About 100 yards farther on, on the left-hand side of the street, there is the wildlife gallery and tea shop owned by my father. During the winter there is not much trade but from spring until late autumn we are always busy. Downstairs in the two front rooms we serve morning coffee and afternoon tea. The customers sit surrounded by hundreds of antiques, curios and trinkets, hunting horns, horse brasses, little bells and rings, odds and ends and bric-à-brac. Some of the items are real antiques but others are not worth much. When the customers have had their tea or coffee they usually browse round the paintings in our wildlife gallery.

There are two other rooms downstairs and three big rooms upstairs, all full of pictures by local artists and all of animals, birds, trees or flowers. Mostly they are the kind of wildlife we see on the moor and around the village: otters, badgers, foxes, hawks and owls. More often than not the customers from the tea room leave without buying a picture, but then they come back regularly and seem to enjoy browsing in the gallery. That is not to say we never sell a picture; in fact during the summer there is a fairly regular turnover.

We are always losing small items to light-fingered customers. It is easy for someone who is tempted by a little brass or other trinket to pocket it when no one is looking. There are only a couple of waitresses in the downstairs front rooms and they are usually busy. Notices in the gallery and tea shop threaten prosecution for anyone found pilfering, but things are still stolen, especially during the hectic summer weeks. My father keeps a sharp look-out and occasionally confronts a suspected thief. Sometimes he is right and there is a scene of stammering confusion and even tears; the item is returned and the customer leaves in shame. But when father is wrong, then it is he who must apologize and resign himself to losing a customer.

Something strange happened a few years ago. We had the usual variable weather but we still did a reasonable amount of business. Among the paintings that covered the walls of the upstairs rooms my favourite was the heron, finely detailed, stalking across a pool ready to spear an unsuspecting trout. He was just like our own heron, a regular visitor to the garden pond. My father cursed him long and hard for making off with a fat goldfish. But I liked him and I liked the picture. Downstairs was a wonderful picture of a pair of magpies. Whereas all the other creatures in the room were minutely drawn, sharp in every feather or whisker, the magpies seemed a bit dusky and vague. They confronted each other among the soft branches of an oak which disappeared mistily behind them.



That season a lot of trinkets had vanished. After a busy week when customers had been bustling in and out for tea, fingering the brasses and horns and scrutinizing the paintings, we would often miss small attractive pieces. It made my father furious and each time he would vow to watch out and catch the thief at the next opportunity. But the days went by and apart from a couple of embarrassing confrontations with large, moist ladies or tearful girls we were not sharp enough to stop the steady flow of disappearing objects. The police were called in several times and hovered round in uniform or plain clothes, but this did nothing to improve the situation. Staff and customers became uneasy and business tailed off until we had to abandon the idea. The number of missing items increased, which vexed my father and left the baffled police inspector shuffling his heavy shoes into the carpet.

I was intrigued. Working around the

gallery every day of my school holiday I felt I knew it better than anybody. I watched people closely, even the waitresses and my father. Sometimes I wondered whether I was under suspicion myself. But however intently I stared at customers and studied their movements I never caught a glimpse of anything that vaguely resembled criminal behaviour. More and more items of jewelry and brass curios vanished.

One night as I was lying awake in my bedroom on the second floor I decided to go down to the first floor and browse about. It was relaxing to pad about in my slippers and dressing-gown, beaming the torch up onto the pictures, or just to stand by the windows and enjoy the eerie atmosphere of moonlight, silence and the unblinking creatures around the walls. I went downstairs as quietly as I could, knowing which creaky steps to avoid and running my hand ahead of me down the bannister, until I came to the narrow landing. Then I turned into

the large exhibition room on my left.

I sat down in a leather armchair and flashed the torch around the room. The otters and foxes seemed flat and lifeless under the beam, but the badgers wanted to romp across their canvasses. They thrust their stripey snouts at me and ambled about like dusty old clerks in a gloomy office. Farther round the room the heron was poised over the still waters of the pool. The torchlight picked out his yellow eye and a line of metallic blue along the murderous beak. On the opposite wall a barn owl ghosted over the canvas like a giant moth. Outside a tawny owl bubbled out a quavering hoot. Then I must have fallen asleep.

I woke up cold and stiff. The torch lay across my lap, still sending a pool of light on to the carpet. A noise was coming from the room below. Making sure I was properly awake, I stood up and wrapped the dressing-gown tightly round me. I went slowly downstairs, listening. Before I had covered the distance from the foot of the stairs to the door of the exhibition room I heard the noise again. I turned off the torch and stood still until my eyes became used to the gloom.

Sure enough, from within the room came the irregular sounds I had heard from my armchair. There would be a period of complete silence and then a sudden flurry of soft activity, a sort of gentle beating. After that, an occasional scratch on woodwork and the clink of metal objects. There may have been a chuckle though I do not expect you to believe me. I took several steps forward and turned to stand in the doorway.

One of the magpies was perched on the sideboard by the windows. The moonlight fixed it with its brightness, emphasizing the contrast of black and white. In its beak it held a ring. There was a sudden fluttering and the other magpie swooped in front of me and settled on the picture rail on the right-hand wall. The bird rearranged its wings and turned so that its long tail was clear of the frame of the nearest picture. The brass it held in its beak clattered to the floor. As it fell it knocked a picture frame slightly out of line. I looked at the painting and saw the ghostly lines of the oak branches fading away as though into a dream. There was a mist over the branches. I raised the torch and aimed straight at the frame. When the light clicked on and struck the branches there was a great beating of wings, a buffeting of all the air in the room, the brushing of startled wings across my face and the two birds melted back into their positions in the wonderful painting.

I said that I did not expect you to believe the story. I knew it was hopeless to explain it to my father; I tried the next day but he would not believe any of it . . . until I took the picture down and all the missing trinkets showered noisily on to the carpet.

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The Man of the Mask

by Rupert Furneaux

The cavalcade of horsemen reins to a halt. The carriage they are escorting pulls up. "Who goes there?" challenges the sentry guarding the Bastille, the fortress-prison in the heart of Paris.

"The King's Writ," calls the officer leaning from the carriage window.

Promptly, by established custom, the sentries turn their faces to the wall. The shopkeepers nearby hurriedly close their shutters. The gate swings open and the drawbridge rattles down. The carriage drives in and the gate clangs shut.

It is September 18, 1698, a date memorable in the annals of mystery. A new captive has been brought to the prison the King of France reserves for his most important prisoners. This one is different. His face is covered by a mask of black velvet. The Bastille's new governor, Monsieur de St Mars, has brought him from the royal prison on the island of Ste Marguerite in the bay of Cannes.

There, and again in the Bastille, no one visited the prisoner except St Mars and his principal lieutenant. Outside his cell he was always masked. His identity was a state secret, known only to King Louis XIV and his successive Ministers of War. When the prisoner died suddenly on November 19, 1703, he was buried in the graveyard of St Paul. His name was recorded in the parish register as "Marchioli", certainly falsely, for to have accorded him his own name would have nullified years of secrecy.

The journal kept by Etienne du Jonca, the King's Lieutenant at the Bastille, provides the first clue to the man's identity for he describes him as formerly the prisoner of St Mars at Pignerol, near Turin, obliged always to wear a mask of black velvet and whose name was unknown.

First whispers about the unusual prisoner filtered out from the Bastille in 1711. In the next 50 years the story swept France and eventually the world. No reliable information was available and speculation created a legend in which myth was piled on myth, until in the end the unfortunate masked prisoner was described as wearing an unwieldy contraption of iron enclosing his head. In Alexandre Dumas's story he was identified as Louis XIV's twin brother.

The secret of the man's identity was essentially a royal one which Louis XIV and his advisers were determined should never be penetrated. They went to great lengths to confuse, laying false clues and suggesting an audacious solution; but they did not bargain for the day when the royal archives would be thrown open to public inspection during the French Revolution.

Those who knew the secret were all dead by 1721, when the last Minister to be concerned, M de Chamillart, implored to reveal the secret on his death

bed, declared he had taken his oath never to reveal it. The mistress of the previous Minister of War, pressed for information, said the masked man was a son of Ann of Austria (the wife of Louis XIII), born in 1626 after the visit of the English Duke of Buckingham to her court; this made him a half-brother of the future Louis XIV. For many years there had been rumours of an affair between the Queen of France and the dashing English duke. The Minister's mistress said this illegitimate son was imprisoned and masked by Louis XIV to whom he bore a striking resemblance. While this woman may have known something, it seems more likely that she was fed an unlikely solution, which might serve to hide the truth.

Louis XV, Louis XIV's grandson and successor, when told the secret on attaining his majority, declared, "If he were still alive I would give him his freedom." In later years when speculation about the masked prisoner was at its height, he stated, "No one has yet told the truth, and all conjectures are false."

While the myths of Voltaire and Dumas, based on the story that the man was an illegitimate son of the royal house, masked to conceal his likeness to the king, excited popular imagination, more serious investigators found few clues to his identity. Until the French Revolution little was known about the masked prisoner. It was hinted that he had always been treated with the greatest deference and that on his death all his possessions were burned. According to popular rumours he was always masked, even while he ate and slept.

The names of many men have been advanced to explain the identity of the masked prisoner but all of them have been eliminated inasmuch as they have been found either to have been alive after 1703 or dead before 1669, the year in which the prisoner first came into St Mars's care.

When the state papers of France and the archives of the Bastille were thrown open to public inspection in the French Revolution they were immediately examined to see if they threw any light on the mysterious masked prisoner. Great was the disappointment when they did not appear to do so. Napoleon caused a careful search to be made, but it yielded no greater success than had the previous inquiry instituted by Louis XVI to satisfy his wife's curiosity.

When the archives of the Ministry of War came to be classified they were found to be in great confusion and many years of cataloguing and research were required to produce the mass of letters which had passed for over 30 years between the Ministry and Monsieur de St Mars, the masked man's gaoler. In some cases the actual letters, or their copies, were found, in others the existence of a letter was known from the

minutes in the Ministry's letter book. These letters disclosed that for 30 years there had been a continuous interest in the safety and well-being of one particular prisoner who was guardedly referred to as "your prisoner", "the man who was sent to me", the "man of the tower", the "ancient prisoner". Which prisoner was he? Many notable people had been imprisoned by Louis XIV in the special care of St Mars.

St Mars, an under-officer of the Musketeers, a subordinate of the D'Artagnan immortalized by Dumas, and the gaoler of France's most important prisoners, took command of the Keep at Pignerol in 1665 and, rising in command, was transferred to another prison in 1680. The unknown man who died in 1703 must therefore have been imprisoned at Pignerol before 1680; we know almost certainly that the actual date was 1669. Of this mysterious prisoner we now have the following information: he was brought by St Mars to the Bastille from the island of Ste Marguerite on September 18, 1698. He had formerly been a prisoner at Pignerol. According to a story related after his death, he had been imprisoned for 31 years. He was buried under a false name, but in the register his name was given as Marchioli, which was probably also false and designed further to disguise his identity. From other minor clues we know that he was a tall man, well built and in good health, aged about 60 years at the time of his death. Other information discloses that he was a Frenchman and a Catholic, for there is no reference to an interpreter and he was allowed to hear Mass.

St Mars had been at Pignerol in charge of France's most important prisoner of state, Monsieur Fouquet, the disgraced Minister of Finance, for four years when in July, 1669, he received a new prisoner. The long and mysterious imprisonment of this man can be traced in the series of letters that continuously passed between St Mars and the Minister of War, the Marquis de Louvois.

Towards the end of July, 1669, St Mars received a letter from de Louvois dated the 19th of that month:

"The King has commanded that I am to have the man named Eustache Dauger sent to Pignerol. It is of the utmost importance to His service that he should be most securely guarded and that he should in no way give information about himself nor send letters to anyone at all. I am informing you of this in advance so that you can have a cell prepared in which you will place him securely, taking care that the windows of the place in which he is put do not give on to any place that can be approached by anyone and that there are double doors to be shut for your sentries not to hear anything. You will yourself once a day have to take enough food for the day to

this wretch and you must on no account listen for any reason at all to what he may want to say to you, always threatening to kill him if he opens his mouth to speak of anything but his necessities."

De Louvois told St Mars to prepare for the prisoner, "bearing in mind that as he is only a valet he does not require anything special". The term "valet" in 17th-century France implied a confidential secretary or servant rather than a menial. It seems possible that in these letters the King and his advisers made a slip. While it appears conclusive that the *Lettre de Cachet* gave the true name of the prisoner, it is significant that the name was omitted in the Ministry of War Minute as a precaution to keep his name hidden from prying eyes. Either St Mars failed to destroy the original letter, or it was forgotten that the man had been named in it.

On July 28 the King himself wrote to his representative in the town of Dunkirk saying, "I am dissatisfied with the behaviour of a man named Eustache Dauger and I want to secure him. I am writing to inform you that as soon as you shall see him you are to seize him and arrest him and to conduct him yourself in all safety to the citadel of Pignerol, where he is to be guarded by Captain de St Mars, to whom I am writing the attached letters so that the said prisoner shall be received and guarded there without difficulty. After which you are to return from there to render an account of that which you shall have done in execution of the present order."

On the same day the King wrote to St Mars informing him that the Captain of the town of Dunkirk was bringing to him a prisoner named Eustache Dauger. He was to keep him in good and safe custody, preventing him from communicating with anyone at all by word of mouth or writ of hand.

That the prisoner duly arrived at Pignerol is apparent from a letter from St Mars to the Marquis de Louvois written on August 21: "Monsieur de Vauroy has handed over to me the man named Eustache d'Auger. As soon as I had put him in a very secure place, while waiting for the cell I am having prepared for him to be completed, I told him in the presence of M de Vauroy that if he should speak to me or anyone else, of anything other than his necessities, I would run him through with my sword. On my life, I shall not fail to observe very punctiliously your commands."

Ten days later St Mars writes again to assure the Minister that his orders are being carried out, and "nothing is truer than that I have never spoken of this prisoner to any one and as proof of this, many people here think he is a Marshal of France".

So the great legend had begun. Because of the tremendous

The Man of the Mask

secrecy and security arrangements with which this prisoner was cloaked people come to think that he must be some body of great importance.

Before de Louvois could have received this letter he had written again to St Mars instructing him as to how his new prisoner was to be treated: "You can give a prayer book to your new prisoner, and if he asks you for any other, give it him also. You can let him hear on Sundays and feast days the Mass that is said for M Fouquet without, however being at the same place, and you will see that he is so well guarded during that time that he cannot escape or speak to anyone; you can even let him have confession three or four times a year, if he so wishes, and no more unless he should contract some dangerous illness."

These letters establish that in the summer of 1669, 34 years before the death of the masked prisoner in the Bastille, a prisoner named Eustache Dauger was committed to prison without trial or sentence. No hint is given of the reason for his imprisonment but it is significant that he was brought right across France from one frontier to the other to be guarded by the King's principal valets.

St Mars appears to have been lax in his efforts of security, for eight months after the arrival of the prisoner de Louvois writes to say that his vigilance has proved ineffective and that the prisoner had been spoken to by one of Monsieur Fouquet's valets. No real harm had been done, however, because the prisoner had refused to say anything and asked only that he should be left in peace. Somehow the valet had gained access to this mysterious prisoner and de Louvois had to speak to anyone at one of his spies. He instructed St Mars to examine carefully the inside and the outside of the place where the man was incarcerated and to put it in such a state that the prisoner could neither see nor be seen by anyone.

St Mars was to be especially careful, all, nor hear those who might want to say something to him. St Mars, feeling himself in disgrace, replied that everyone was inquisitive about the prisoner and asking for information about him, so much so that he was obliged to tell fairy tales to make fun of them.

St Mars's troubles were only just beginning. In November, 1671, he received another prisoner, no less a person than the famous Comte de Lauzun. The Comte de Lauzun was captured by the King's Guard in July, 1669, when Dauger was sent to Pignerol, and there can be little doubt that he knew Eustache Dauger; and, despite St Mars's precautions, it is certain that Lauzun and Dauger met while they were at Pignerol.

St Mars made great efforts to keep his prisoners apart. In his care at the Keep at Pignerol were now Fouquet, Lauzun and the mysterious Dauger. Each was lodged in a secure prison, the

windows of which were protected by iron bars and a basketball grille to prevent its occupant being seen. Iron bars were also placed in the chimneys to prevent the prisoners communicating. "Never will any of the prisoners know that they had companions," St Mars assured de Louvois. But Lauzun was determined either to break out of his prison or to communicate with the others he suspected were there. At his first attempt, in 1672 he succeeded in burning a beam in the floor of his room but his escape route was found and plugged. His attempt to get in touch with accomplices outside the prison was scotched. In July of that year St Mars wrote to de Louvois: "I used to think that M Fouquet was one of the most wicked prisoners a man could have, but now de Lauzun has arrived I see that by comparison he is indeed a lamb."

While Lauzun and Fouquet were causing the governor so much annoyance the other prisoner, Dauger, remained apparently contented in his cell. It is of interest to note that while St Mars was ordered to try to make his various prisoners speak, this did not apply to Dauger.

Dauger was the most tranquil of St Mars's prisoners. We know only that he had been ill; so far in the correspondence he had been referred to only as "the prisoner who was sent to me". Now a startling change occurred in Dauger's imprisonment. St Mars wrote to de Louvois in 1672 saying that he was finding great difficulty in securing a good servant for M Fouquet and suggesting that the man Dauger would make him a very good valet. Of him St Mars wrote: "As to the prisoner in the tower, who was sent to me by the Captain of Dunkirk, he says nothing, he lives contentedly like a man completely resigned to the will of God and the King." Very grudgingly, in 1675, de Louvois consented to St Mars's request and informed him that the man who had been sent to him in 1669 could act as a valet to M Fouquet but on no account was he to see or be seen by Lauzun.

This suggests that Lauzun might have recognized Dauger as anyone he knew in July, 1669, and it indicates further that the mysterious prisoner from Dunkirk, or at least his secret, may have been known to Fouquet, who before his imprisonment in 1665 must have been familiar with all the secrets of the King's Guard. Little more is known of Dauger, or it was considered not to matter if he found out.

On December 23, 1678, de Louvois wrote directly to Fouquet, whom Dauger had now been serving as an additional valet for three years. This letter was brought to Fouquet with its seals unbroken and he was ordered to reply in secret, without the letter being read by St Mars. Fouquet's answer has not survived but in his letter de Louvois said that he desired to know whether the man called Eustache had spoken in front of the other valet who was serving Fouquet of "that which he was up to before being at Pignerol". Fouquet was instructed that the King

commanded that, without taking thought for what the result might be, he was to send the truth regarding the matter of what Eustache might have said about his past life. Thus it appears that it did not matter what Eustache might have told Fouquet, but it mattered very much if he had spoken about himself before the other valet, who was named la Rivière.

When, a few months later, Fouquet's imprisonment was alleviated, St Mars was carefully instructed by de Louvois to see that when Fouquet and Lauzun met, as they were now allowed to do, every precaution had to be made to withdraw the man called Eustache from Fouquet's room before Lauzun came to visit him. Despite St Mars's precautions and completely without his knowledge Lauzun had been visiting Fouquet in his rooms for years and presumably he had seen Dauger there. After Fouquet's death it was discovered that Lauzun had removed the bars in his chimney and made a passage into Fouquet's room. It seems likely therefore that Lauzun must have learned of Dauger's presence. De Louvois did not know of this at the time, and we find him writing to St Mars on February 15, 1679, to the effect that he must see above all that the man called Eustache Dauger be not permitted to speak to anyone in private. Six months later the Minister wrote again asking the gaoler for news of Dauger's health.

When Fouquet died in 1680 St Mars was instructed to inform Lauzun that the man called Eustache Dauger had been released along with Fouquet's other valet la Rivière. But they were not to be released. The two valets were to be shut up in a room together in the more secure of the two towers, they were not to be allowed to communicate with anyone and every effort was to be made to see that Lauzun did not perceive that they were still in the prison.

In Fouquet's clothing St Mars found a certain paper which he took care to send by courier to de Louvois. It is not known if this referred to Eustache Dauger, but from this moment Dauger entirely lost his identity and was no longer referred to by name in the correspondence. He became "one of the gentlemen of the Lower Tower", and as time went on he was referred to only as "la Tour" and "the Ancient Prisoner". Lauzun was released in 1682. On his return to Paris he had a private interview with Louis XIV who generously compensated him for his loss of offices and imprisonment. Never to our knowledge did Lauzun speak or write of the prisoner Dauger, whom everything suggests he knew intimately in 1669.

In the year 1679 Eustache Dauger, the Minister of the Duke of Mantua, was brought to Pignerol. He had been abducted and brought to French territory because he had double-crossed King Louis XIV in a plot to seize an Italian province. Everyone in Europe knew of Mattioli's deception and that he had been kidnapped and imprisoned. His punishment would have been completely nullified by secrecy. Nonetheless he was well treated at Pignerol and was allowed



his own valet.

Mattioli was long considered to have been the Man of the Mask, the name Marchioli being a French way of spelling the Italian name. This theory held the field until 1869 when it was discredited by the discovery of a private letter written by St Mars in 1681 which shows that Mattioli passed out of his custody for 13 years and the security of Dauger's secret prevented this.

At Exiles the two "valets" were incarcerated under even greater security than they had been at Pignerol. Sentinels watched their room by day and night and they were allowed as a confessor only a very old priest brought from some miles away. Yet that they were not considered of great importance is suggested by a letter still extant from de Louvois to St Mars in 1681 which reads: "The clothes of fellows like those must last three or four years." De Louvois indicated that the King had ordered that they be strictly guarded and that St Mars was to take precautions to ensure that they could speak to no one, not only from outside but even of the garrison at Exiles.

Of this security of his two prisoners, St Mars wrote to de Louvois on March 11, 1682: "I have received your letter . . .

so described in the correspondence. Moreover, the fact that he was allowed to make a walk suggested strongly that it was la Rivière rather than Dauger, by whom the making of a will would have nullified all the years of intense secrecy. la Rivière, as a valet not a prisoner, should have been released on Fouquet's death, but his dangerous knowledge of Dauger's secret prevented this.

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that it is important that my two prisoners should have no communication with anyone . . . I have guarded these two prisoners . . . as severely and exactly as I formerly did Messieurs Fouquet and Lauzun who could not boast that they had either sent or received any news, while they were in confinement. These prisoners can hear the people speak as they pass along the road which is at the bottom of the tower; but they, if they wish it, could not make themselves heard; they can see the persons on the hill which is before their windows, but they cannot themselves be seen on account of the bars which are placed across their room. There are two sentinels of my company always night and day on each side of the tower at a reasonable distance, who can see the windows of the prisoners obliquely. They are ordered to take care that no one speaks to them, and that they do not cry out from their windows; and to make the passers-by walk on, if they wish to stop in the path or on the side of the hill. My own room being joined to the tower, and having no other look-out except towards the path, I hear and see everything, even by two sentinels, who are by this means always kept alert.

"As for the inside of the tower, I have divided it in such a manner that the priest who says Mass to them cannot see them, on account of the curtain I have made, which covers their double doors. The servants who bring their food put whatever is necessary for the prisoners upon a table on the outside, and my lieutenant takes it and carries it in to them. No one speaks to them except myself, my officer, M Vignerol (the confessor) and a physician from Pragelas, which is 6 leagues from hence, who only sees them in my presence. With regard to their linen and other necessities, I take the same precaution which I did with my former prisoners."

In January, 1687, St Mars informed de Louvois of the death of the prisoner who had been ill; from his description this was la Rivière. At the same time de Louvois informed St Mars that the King had raised him to the command of the prison on the island of Ste Marguerite, in the Bay of Cannes, and he was instructed to convey his prisoner, who can only have been Dauger, there under great secrecy. St Mars replied that all intercourse with the prisoner had been forbidden and had been punctiliously obeyed. He proposed to convey him to



King Louis XIV, who was responsible for the imprisonment of the Man of the Mask, who died in the Bastille, left.

the island in a sedan chair covered with waxed cloth so that no one could see him. The prisoner nearly died from suffocation.

On May 3, 1687, St Mars informed de Louvois that the transfer of the prisoner had been effected. The journey had taken 12 days and the security surrounding the prisoner had caused people to try to guess who he was. On the island, he informed Louvois, he had placed "my prisoner, who is sickly as usual", in a new cell specially built for him, one of the greatest possible security. This cell is still shown to tourists as the "Masked Man's Prison".

In 1691 the Marquis de Louvois, the Minister of War, died and he was succeeded by his son, the Marquis de Barbezieux, who must also have known the secret of the masked man's identity. It was de Barbezieux's mistress who in later years was to hint that the masked prisoner had been an illegitimate son of the royal house, imprisoned because of his likeness to Louis XIV. Soon after his appointment de Barbezieux wrote to St Mars asking him to tell him something about the prisoner "who has been in custody for 10 years". This reference can only refer to Dauger, imprisoned in 1669.

In 1694 the prisoners whom St Mars had left behind him at Pignerol in 1680 were transferred to the island of Ste Marguerite. Though Mattioli is not referred to by name in the correspondence it is clear that he was one of the five prisoners because one of them is described as having a valet, which we know he had at Pignerol. None of the other prisoners, transferred from Pignerol were of a condition to have a valet.

Shortly after the transfer, the man who must have been Mattioli died at Ste Marguerite. Great confusion, however, is caused by the fact that the man's name, who died on the island of Ste Marguerite in 1701, is referred to in the legends as the "mask's servant". It seems possible that on Mattioli's death his valet may have been put in with Dauger. While Mattioli's death at Ste Marguerite is well established there is no reference to Dauger or his

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The Man of the Mask

death there. Unless he is the man who died as the masked prisoner in 1703, he is not otherwise accounted for.

On November 17, 1697, de Barbezieux wrote to St Mars saying: "You have no other duty to observe with regard to those who are entrusted to your custody than to see to their safety without explaining to anyone what your Ancient Prisoner has done." Dager had now been in St Mars's safe keeping for 28 years, the reason for his imprisonment being still the same, to prevent his activities before he was brought to Pignerol from becoming known.

Suddenly a new element enters upon his security. On March 1, 1698, St Mars was promoted to the governorship of the Bastille in Paris. He was ordered to be ready to leave at once and "to take with you in all security your ancient prisoner". In July he was instructed: "The King approves of your leaving the island of Ste Marguerite, to come to the Bastille, with your ancient prisoner, taking all precautions to prevent his being seen or recognized by anyone. You can write in advance to the King's Lieutenant at the Bastille to hold a room ready for putting the prisoner in on arrival."

It is at this stage that the mask first makes its appearance. It is possible, however, that the Ancient Prisoner was masked at Ste Marguerite, when he was allowed to take walks on the island as an alleviation of his imprisonment. The significant fact is this: after 30 years of imprisonment it was still vitally necessary that Dager should not be recognized—as whom, or by whom?

On his journey to Paris with his masked prisoner St Mars made a stop at his own Château of Plateau, near Ville-neuve. A century later the tradition was still extant that when they stopped the night there his prisoner was always masked and that when they dined St Mars sat opposite him with two pistols by his plate. The peasants noticed that the man was tall and had white hair.

There can be no doubt that the masked prisoner brought to the Bastille and who died there in 1703 was Eustache Dager, first imprisoned at Pignerol in July, 1669. All the other prisoners of state lodged in the care of St Mars are accounted for. He was buried under a false name, and there was a great secret concerning him, one which changed during the period of his imprisonment from care to conceal his activities in 1669 to the instruction that he should be masked so that he should not be recognized 30 years later. As a final trick to obscure his identity for ever the name under which he was buried was made to suggest that he might have been the famous Mattioli. But if Mattioli had been the masked man buried in 1703 why should all the years of security have been brought to nought at the last moment by the registration of his name as Marchioli? It was clearly intended by

Louis XIV and his ministers that if inquiry should ever blossom about the masked man it should be concluded that he was Mattioli.

Other factors rule out Mattioli's identification as the Man of the Mask. There was nothing secret about his imprisonment. It seems clear that he died in 1694. De Barbezieux's reference to St Mars's prisoner of "20 years" in 1691 could not possibly have applied to Mattioli who had been captive for only 12 years. In that year Dager had been a prisoner for 22 years. Six years later St Mars is warned never to state what his Ancient Prisoner had done. Everyone in Europe knew what Mattioli had done.

Who was Eustache Dager? Before making further inquiry into his identity it will be as well to recapitulate what we know of him. He was secretly arrested at Dunkirk in 1669 and sent across France to the guardianship of the gaoler who guarded France's most important prisoners of state. Yet he was described as only a valet, possibly further to disguise his identity. He was to be killed at once if he spoke of his activities. It did not matter if Fouquet learned the secret of Dager's imprisonment but on no account was Lauzun to be allowed to see him. For 30 years the King and his ministers were continuously concerned in Dager's security and well-being. He appears to have accepted his imprisonment without question and without complaint. When he died in 1703 he was described as being about 60 years old, tall and well built. He was clearly educated, a Catholic and a Frenchman.

From 1891 when Eustache Dager was first singled out by French investigators, diligent inquiries were made to trace a man of that name living in 17th-century France. A number of French scholars industriously examined the old French records in their search for a man named Eustache Dager who must have been about 30 years old in 1669 and born, therefore, in the late 1630s. While the surname of "Dager" was not uncommon, the Christian name of Eustache was unusual. Thus a person named Eustache Dager born about 1638, if he existed, would surely be the wanted man. A number of men named Danger, Daugier, Auger and Angers, different spellings of the same name, were traced in 17th-century France, but none of them fitted the description or had the Christian name of Eustache.

In 1930 M Maurice Duvivier, searching through the files of the National Library in Paris, came across a small land-owning family in Picardy known as de Cavoye, whose surname was variously spelled, Oger, Dager. Among them he found a Eustache d'Auger, or Dager, born in 1637, one of the six sons and three daughters of François de Cavoye, Captain of Cardinal Richelieu's Musketeers, and his wife Marie. There was no record of Eustache's death, and his younger brother, who lived until 1715, had been Grand Maréchal of Louis XIV's court. Four of Eustache's brothers had died in the King's service before 1667. In 1669 Eustache would have been 32 years old

and in 1703 66. The identification seemed certain. He would have been known as Eustache de Cavoye. The use of the surname Dager would have acted as a disguise. But while Eustache appears to have been the black sheep of the family, an officer who was disgraced and dismissed from the army, nothing has been found to explain why he might have been imprisoned for 34 years, even less to satisfy our curiosity as to why he must not be recognized.

A possible clue is provided by Eustache's parents' close friendship with Louis XIII. Eustache and his brothers were brought up in the intimate circle of the young Prince who subsequently became Louis XIV and the gaoler of the Man of the Mask. We can only surmise why Eustache Dager might have been imprisoned for 34 years and masked so that he should not be recognized. One clue provides ground for a theory which can perhaps account for the mask itself. Eustache's younger brother, the Grand Marshal of the Court, was reputed to resemble Louis XIV closely. May not Eustache have done so, too?

Though Eustache was undoubtedly a rogue, there is little we know from his activities which would account for his sudden imprisonment in 1669.

In 1654 Eustache became the eldest surviving son, upon whom would fall, in the natural order of events, the lordship of Cavoye. The year 1659 seems to have been a turning point of his career. Although only 21 years of age, he was already a veteran of a number of campaigns. He seems to have taken part in the celebration of a Black Mass on Good Friday, at which a pig was christened and eaten. But, while a number of celebrated people were involved, Eustache appears to have escaped scot-free. That his freedom may have been secured by influence is suggested by a letter which was written by the Chief Minister, Mazarin, to Eustache's mother. The letter, and others from the same source, suggest that the Cavoyes were well esteemed.

In 1665 Eustache was forced to sell his commission. He and another man killed a drunken page on the staircase of the royal palace when the King was present, which made the crime that of *lèse-majesté*. From that moment Eustache ceases to use the title of a guards officer, and his mother, taking advantage of a clause of her marriage contract, made her son Louis the chief legatee and the Sieur de Cavoye. Eustache was left only a small annuity. In her will Madame de Cavoye stated "the said legacy being so made for good cause and consideration known to me".

A point which may be of significance is that Eustache was arrested in July, 1669, at Dunkirk, then a port of England. It seems possible that he may have been trying to escape from France. The King's instruction to the Captain of Dunkirk indicates that Dager was expected to be found there, giving some support to the suggestion that he was a fugitive from justice.

The famous masked prisoner became the symbol of unrivalled Bourbon

despotism, the unfortunate victim of the *ancien régime*. But the imprisonment of Eustache can hardly have been due to the casual working of an arbitrary system. He did not languish, ignored and forgotten, for 34 years. The King and his ministers were continually concerned with his well-being and security. But they never imagined that any rumour about him would spread from the prisons he had been in; they thought their secret safe.

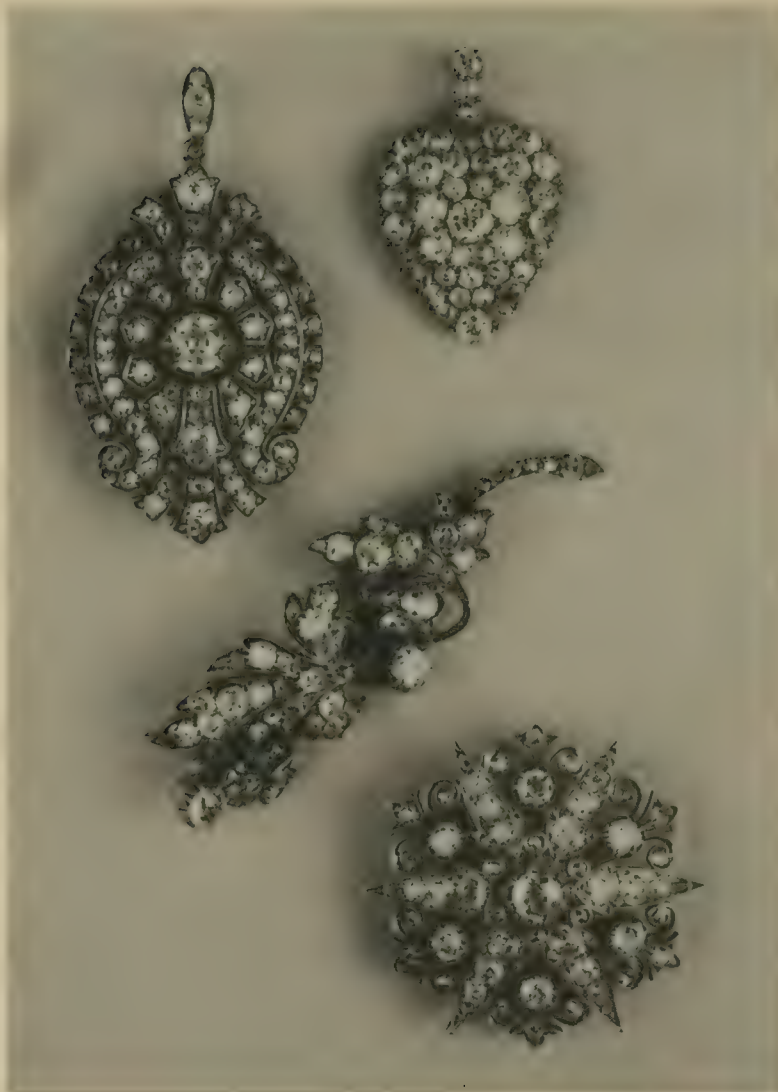
But did they, just to make doubly sure, spread a rumour about the masked prisoner which, by its very audacity, served to hide the truth? Minister de Barbezieux's mistress, pressed for information, stated that the masked man had been an illegitimate son of the royal house. Was she told this story purposely? It is wildly improbable that the wife of King Louis XIII and the English Duke of Buckingham could have had an illegitimate son without the knowledge of the French Court.

Somehow, we do not know how, the death of Fouquet served to deepen the mystery about Eustache. The former Minister of Finance must have known the secret connected with Dager. The families of Fouquet and Dager were distantly related; letters show that Marie de Cavoye, Eustache's mother, certainly corresponded with Fouquet.

Could Eustache have been Louis XIV's illegitimate half-brother? While Eustache's mother, Marie de Cavoye, was noted for her fidelity, she was on friendly terms with Louis XIII. She was one of the few women whom Louis XIII, a noted hater of the female sex, could endure. It is thus not impossible that Eustache and his brother Louis, who bore a striking likeness to Louis XIV, were illegitimate sons of the royal house. That Eustache closely resembled King Louis XIV, either by birth or by chance, seems the only possible solution to his long imprisonment and the insistence that he should not be recognized even after 34 years of close confinement. Few people would have recognized Eustache after that lapse of time.

One of the most extraordinary aspects of the mystery of the Man of the Mask appears to be his resignation to his fate. He never seems to have complained of his life-long imprisonment, and he lived contented, subservient to the King's will, possibly thankful that his life had been spared.

Eustache may have been employed as the King's double on some nefarious mission and then silenced by perpetual imprisonment. Or he may have impersonated the King, perhaps on some amatory adventure, and so incurred his wrath. Royal doubles were dangerous in those days of plots and intrigues. All this is surmise, but at least it fits in with the myths and legends that grew and spread in 18th-century France. Some spark must have given them birth. Behind the long and close imprisonment of the masked prisoner must lie some dark secret. Everything we have learned about Eustache Dager serves to identify him as the man who died in the Bastille in 1703.



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Return to the City by the Swan

by David Tennant



The modern, high-rise skyline of Perth, capital of Western Australia.

Initial impressions can be deceptive, but those I experienced on my first visit to Perth, capital of Western Australia, nearly 20 years ago proved not only accurate but durable as I discovered last March when I returned for a short stay. A number of new and on the whole elegant buildings has certainly altered its skyline; a network of well designed highways has all but removed traffic congestion; the residential suburbs have spread considerably and now include some of the finest homes in Australia. The whole place radiates prosperity—but the genuine friendliness and hospitality of its citizens and the measured tempo of life is as pronounced as ever. Here, shop assistants and waitresses, information bureau staff and hotel receptionists do have—or at least take—time to chat and make a visitor feel welcome.

Although Perth's population is now over 800,000 and it is commercially of major importance, it still retains some of the atmosphere of a large country town. Of course it is geographically isolated, the nearest city of any size being Adelaide some 1,500 miles away, largely across uninhabited scrub desert. Perhaps it is just this remoteness that has engendered an easy-going atmosphere and a capacity for relaxation which appeals to most visitors.

Perth has a fine setting beside the wide, meandering Swan River, so named, by the Dutch explorer Willem de Vlamingh in 1697, after the many black swans found there. This bird later became the State's symbol and is a protected species. It was on the north bank of the river some miles inland from the Indian Ocean that Captain James Stirling founded the city in 1829, the principal settlement in Western Australia at that time being 250 miles away to the south-east at Albany. Though the river is too shallow for commercial traffic, the civic fathers past and present have used the river to great advantage though for recreation and leisure. There are boating, water skiing, wind surfing and fishing on the river and along its banks are tennis clubs, bowling greens and other sports facilities—all within minutes of the busy city centre. Reclaimed land has helped improve the roadway system (the multi-lane Narrows Bridge is a study in engineering elegance) while other parts have been turned into large public gardens. At night the view across the lake-like Perth Water stretch of the river to the myriad lights of the city's high-rise buildings is delightful.

The city's most outstanding recreational asset, however, is Kings Park, a 1,000 acre expanse of natural bushland, extensive gardens, woods and tidy playgrounds. Starting at the edge of the city centre it rises to a low hill and dominates the whole area. The views from it, especially from the Garden Restaurant, one of the best eating places in

Perth, are spectacular. The Park also contains the Botanic Gardens, famous for its collection of Western Australia's unique flora. Access to the Park is unrestricted and there are several roads and numerous paths.

A complaint which I heard on my first visit was that although the city had a good symphony orchestra it had no suitable home for it. That has now been rectified with a magnificent Concert Hall on St George's Terrace, the city's most important street, while a short distance away (the central area is remarkably compact) is the huge 8,000 seat Entertainment Centre which plays host to just about everything from classical concerts through elaborate musicals to tennis championships. Live theatre is active all over Australia and in Perth there are a dozen theatres of varying size, plus the Sunken Garden auditorium in the grounds of the University.

Glancing through the pages of *This Week in Perth*, the guide to leisure activities, I noticed that you can take a cruise by large motor launch on the river; hire a bicycle and see Kings Park at close quarters; visit the Market Street book arcade (it has an amazing collection of Australian literature); let your hair down in any one of ten or so night clubs; and enjoy a good meal at upwards of 60 restaurants. These last have increased and improved in recent years thanks in a considerable measure to the influx of immigrants from Europe. I was delighted

to see that the Seagulls Restaurant was still maintaining the high standards I had remembered. On this visit I ate a hearty Australian steak in the Henry VIII Restaurant helped down by some Western Australian wine.

It came as a pleasant surprise to me to discover just how good and varied the wines are from this region. The vintages from the Barossa Valley in South Australia and the Hunter Valley in New South Wales have long been familiar to me but those from within 30 miles or so of the centre of Perth can rival them.

With the great bulk of Australia's population living within a few miles of the coastline the beach plays a major role in everyday life. Indeed, no visit to Australia would be anywhere near complete without an hour or two on a popular stretch of sand. Perth's beaches must rank as some of the best, stretching for many miles both north and south of Fremantle, the city's port. We chose Swanbourne and discovered on arrival there that several hundred yards of it were used as the city's "unofficial" naturist beach where you were expected to sunbathe and swim in the nude, which the majority of people there were doing. And I joined them. It was an interesting insight into another aspect of contemporary Australian society as the crowd represented a cross-section of the city's inhabitants.

When my hosts in the State Tourist Office suggested I might spend at least

part of an evening at the trotting held in Gloucester Park in East Perth, I was not at first very enthusiastic. Horse racing in its various forms I can take or leave. But I am glad I decided to go for not only did I become enthralled with the races themselves and the superb high-stepping horses, I was equally fascinated by the audience. As at the beach it comprised a cross-section of the city's population, from senior government ministers to manual workers and with as many women as men.

It was also very much a family affair with more children than I have seen at any race meeting in the UK, and the atmosphere was most relaxed. The park itself is kept in immaculate condition and has floodlighting that made the warm, still evening as bright as day. The "Trots" as they are usually known are held on Friday evenings throughout much of the year and have become one of the major facets of social life in Perth.

During my short visit to the city I stayed in the new Sheraton Hotel which has every amenity one would expect from a five-star international establishment, and also enjoys fine views over the Swan River. The Parmelia Hilton has a similar enviable situation, and both hotels are within easy walking distance of the main shopping and business areas. An indication of Perth's good weather (it claims to have the best of all the state capitals in Australia) is the fact that both hotels have open-air swimming pools available all the year round.

In spite of some internal problems, arguments about the environment and Aboriginal rights, a climate that in many of the desert areas can be punishingly hot, enormous distances and thinly spread population, to say nothing of the current uncertain world economic situation, the state of Western Australia looks set for a prosperous future. Ten times bigger than the UK, with enormous mineral wealth the true extent of which is only now being realized, it could become the Eldorado of the western world as the 20th century dies and the 21st emerges. The city of Perth will undoubtedly benefit immensely and expand in many ways. I hope however its citizens will not forsake their pleasant and relaxed way of life. They are among the world's most fortunate people today.

I said Perth was isolated and in many aspects it is. But you can reach it from London on a Qantas jumbo in well under 20 hours' travelling time and with only one stop *en route*. If you are planning to visit Australia for business or pleasure, or to see friends and relatives, try to spend at least a day or two in the "City by the Swan".

Western Australia House, 115 Strand, London, WC2R 0AJ. Western Australia Government Travel Centre, 772 Hay Street, Perth, W.A. 6000, Australia.



THOMAS ROWLANDSON, 1756-1827

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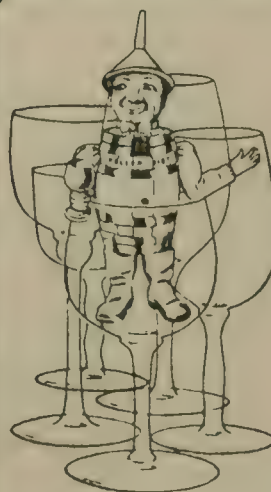
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The noble Chianti

by Peta Fordham

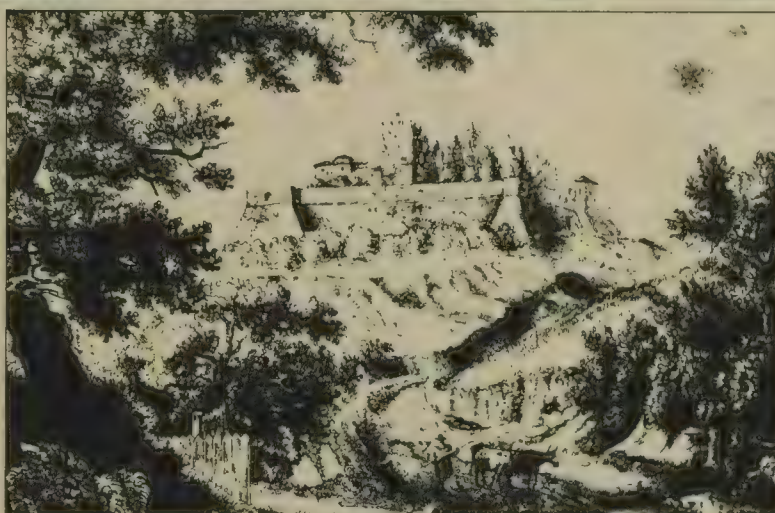


One of the oldest roads in Italy lies over the track which led southwards from Florence to Siena and on to Rome. Close to the road, about 10 miles north-east of Siena, in the Chianti country, lies the Castle of Brolio, on one of the rounded hills so familiar from Renaissance paintings; and there has been a castle there for well over 1,000 years.

I say "a castle", but there have been a number of them. The site dominates the road, and every army marching to Florence from the south or to Rome from the north passed by in the constant internecine warfare of the city-states. Whenever the Florentines were beaten in battle the Castle of Brolio would be demolished; and each time the fortunes of war changed the victorious Florentines would rebuild it. In 1478 the castle held out for two vital months while Lorenzo the Magnificent gained time to reorganize his troops and block the enemy armies of Naples, the Pope and the Siene. But in the end castle, treasures and wine were consumed when the fortress was stormed and set on fire. Only the chapel survived, with its priceless altar-pieces of the Siene and Florentine schools.

The Castle of Brolio belonged to the Ricasoli family who in 1141 took it over from the monks of Vallombrosa in exchange for the lands which surrounded the nearby Abbey of Coltibuono. From the first, the family concentrated their efforts on the cultivation of vine and olive. Their estate was particularly suited to this, since that part which could not be used for direct cultivation consisted mainly of oak forest, which worked out very well both for making barrels and for heating the houses during the winters which, in this district, can be long and surprisingly cold. Thus wine from Brolio has been made in the same place for over 1,000 years.

After the General Council of the



In the heart of Chianti country in Tuscany: the Castle of Brolio in the 19th century. Top, exterior and interior views of the Brolio winery where the wine, known by law as Chianti Classico Vecchio, is aged in cask for three years.

People of Florence decided in 1484 that Brolio was to be rebuilt at the expense of the Florentine Treasury, there do not appear to have been any more wholesale sackings and, as the historian of the Castle puts it, "once again, the cellars were rich with wine".

The success of these wines is largely due to one of those tricks of soil which have so much influence on the wine which springs from it. The vines here have to send down deep roots into rocky soil at almost 600 metres above sea-level and, masochistic as ever, the vine, subjected to this treatment (together with the climate and the altitude) produces wine of great quality, which takes long to mature. In the days before corks the wine could be sent to distant consumers in more or less open containers, protected only by a thin layer of olive oil, without danger of spoiling; and since it had to mature for at least three years it naturally commanded a high price when it was ready for drinking. Inevitably

there were imitations and, in the 17th century just as in the 20th, wines of more than dubious origin were produced and offered for sale under the name of Chianti. The first legislation to protect denominations of origin appears to belong to Tuscany and not, as usually thought, to France; for on July 7, 1716, a Grand Ducal order was made establishing a Wine Association, followed by one on September 24 of the same year, from the newly formed Association which established strict regulations dealing with the whole area of the production and sale of Tuscan wine. The relevant documents were later found in the Castle of Brolio's archives.

But we are still a long way from the establishment of the true Chianti Classico as we know it today. Bettino Ricasoli, the patriot who dreamt of a united Italy and subsequently became Prime Minister after Cavour, was virtually the creator of this modern wine. He decided that the best Chianti

he made came from a mixture of 70 per cent Sangiovese, 15 per cent Canaiolo and 15 per cent Malvasia grapes. It took the "Iron Baron", as he was called, 20 years of research to reach this conclusion; and from 1847 he set the pattern for the planting of his Castle vineyards in those proportions.

Today the Castle still dominates the Arbia River valley, and up to the end of the last century the wine was still being matured, among stacked halberds which recalled ancient encounters, in cellars that had formerly been the dungeons. But in 1904 enlargement became urgently necessary and new cellars were built at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands. They have spread still more and now cover a huge acreage, built carefully in keeping with local architecture. To plant any new vineyards—and demand goes on necessitating this—entails hard work indeed. The rock has to be blasted, the larger stones crushed and the land ploughed to a depth of 2 metres. It will be five years before the vineyard will go into production; in eight it can be used for the first Brolio and in ten to 12 years it may, in a good year, give a Riserva.

So, amid history and beauty and with the care that a long family tradition alone can give, this magnificent Chianti is made under the supervision of the present owner. Long maturation still remains essential and it is important to treat correctly the wine which most of us know as Brolio (known by law as Chianti Classico Vecchio): aged for three years in cask, it should always be opened several hours before serving, and room temperature, even in the height of summer, is the correct one. But the Riserva, the special wine made only in the best vintage years and aged for at least five years and often longer, should be opened a day before serving. It is a truly noble wine.

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Marianne North— the travels of a happy artist

by Anne Wiltsher



It is tempting to describe Marianne North until the age of 40 as just another unfulfilled, parent-ridden Victorian spinster—except that she was not unhappy. Her father, to whom she was constant companion and with whom she shared many interests, was “the one idol and friend” of her life. She was devastated by his death in 1869 but, though already in middle age, found a purpose in life that was to absorb her completely. She decided to devote herself to painting flowers in their natural surroundings—to produce a pictorial record of the world’s flora.

The results of her work can be seen today in the tiny gallery she had built at Kew, where more than 800 of her colourful, detailed paintings showing scenes from Asia, Africa, the Americas, Australia and the Far East reveal her



The artist at work at her easel and, top, her painting of a fallen giant redwood at Caleros Grove in California.

passion for nature—and obsessively cover every inch of wall space.

Marianne was born at Hastings in 1830 and her childhood was spent in four homes: winter in Hastings, spring in London at Notting Hill Gate, and summer divided between Lancashire and Norfolk. In her autobiography, *Recollections of a Happy Life*, she recalls riding on her father’s shoulders down to the beach at Hastings to watch the fishermen and trotting after him on her pony as he rode around his Norfolk estate. He was from a distinguished and well-to-do Norfolk family and was intermittently MP for Hastings. Due to his wanderlust, the family would spend either weeks or months travelling in Europe, depending on whether or not he was in Parliament. In 1855, when Marianne was 25, her mother





LIVING BEYOND YOUR MEANS AGAIN?

Marianne North—the travels of a happy artist

died; the bond between father and daughter strengthened and the two travelled to Egypt and Syria.

Marianne received very little formal education; she was musical as well as artistic and had a marvellous contralto voice, although she was never to use it in public because she was too nervous to face an audience. Her love of botany began when she was young; she tells of collecting and painting species of fungi one childhood summer in Norfolk and later, in her 20s, her knowledge and interest grew with visits to the botanic gardens at Kew. One day the director, Sir William Hooker, gave Marianne one of the first sprays of *Amherstia nobilis* to bloom in England; the cascade of vermillion and pink filled her with wonder and at that moment her desire to visit the tropics was born.

Fifteen years later, after the death of her father and the realization of where her life's purpose lay, her dream came true and she set off for Jamaica via Boston in 1871. In North America she found a country recovering from civil war. She met President and Mrs Grant and quickly noted how different the social system was from that in England: "It is considered . . . a disgrace for a young man to have nothing to do in America . . . they cannot understand that a man succeeds to his father's wealth." She left for Jamaica as quickly as courtesy would allow.

Here she began to live the kind of life that totally fulfilled her. She found a deserted house half-hidden among lush foliage 1,000 feet above sea level, available to rent for only £4 a month. A former slave-woman and her husband acted as her servants and the nearest white person was a mile away. She slept in one of the house's 20 rooms but lived for the most part on the wide verandah, hanging up a huge bunch of bananas from the ceiling "instead of a chandelier" and eating her way through them.

In the summer of 1872 Marianne returned to England for a short time. On August 9 she was off again, this time to Brazil. Arriving in Rio she commented, "I know nothing more trying to a shy person than landing for the first time among a strange people and language, I always dread it," but she had brought many introductions with her and was soon being invited everywhere; she was even received by the Emperor.

When, however, a Mr Gordon and his daughter invited her to join a party setting off on muleback to the Brazil highlands to visit their home, Marianne accepted immediately. "My dress was as good as any could be for such riding, namely, a short linsey petticoat and a long woollen waterproof cloak with sleeves. I had, besides, a light silk waterproof rolled up and hung on my pommel for extra wet hours, and my old black straw hat on my head."

There certainly were many "extra



A view up to the mountains from Marianne North's house in Jamaica, with tropical vegetation and a double rainbow.

wet hours", with the mules floundering about in mud above their knees and flopping into liquid mud holes. The party stayed in roadside inns, eating a staple diet of chicken, rice, *feijao* (a Brazilian black bean), cheese and, of course, coffee—"the poorer the house, the better the coffee". But the fascination of the scenery was compensation to Marianne for any hardship, although she "longed for a botanical companion" to answer her questions.

In September 1873, having seen much of the Brazilian highlands and revisited Rio, she returned to England but escaped the following winter to Madeira and Tenerife.

Her next desire was to visit Japan and she set off with some friends travelling via North America, taking time off to paint the Californian redwoods which she thought were magnificent. After these giant trees, she was fascinated by

the miniature "fairyland" of Japan. "The smell [of cherry-flower tea] was delicious, the taste only fit for fairies and very hard for big mortal tongues to discover . . . The tiny girls who served us were very pretty, and merry over our gigantic and clumsy ways. I felt quite Brobdingnagian in Japan." But the bitterly cold weather crippled her with rheumatism. "After sketching all day amongst the dead leaves and white frosts I could hardly stand and had to hold on to a tree at first." She got stiffer and stiffer and was finally carried on board a ship sailing for Hong Kong, from whence she travelled to Singapore where "lawn-tennis and croquet were reigning supreme". In the heat of the tropics, by the time she had sailed on to Borneo and Java, the only rheumatism left was in her "palette-holding" thumb.

Travelling to Ceylon, she met the photographer Julia Margaret Cameron,

who quickly made friends with her, showing her affection by cutting her favourite shawl in two and insisting Marianne have half. Julia also took the painter's photograph, letting down her hair and dressing her in draperies—which the model thought was all rather silly and pretentious.

Back in England in February, 1877, Marianne found that friends had arranged for two curators from the South Kensington Museum to look at her pictures professionally; they were so impressed that they offered her an exhibition. However, Marianne did not wait to see the opening but set off again, this time for India.

Here she spent nearly a year travelling by rail, horse and camel carriage, visiting the great temples of the south and journeying through the foothills of the Himalayas in a litter perched on the heads of her bearers. "When





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going along narrow paths at the tops of precipices, I occasionally found it best not to look down . . . My ugliest coolie with a wicked expression . . . would, as we went on, pick up a few tiny flowers by their heads and fling them on my lap with a Caliban grin." She found the Hindus "permanently yelling for backshish"; had to cope with officials demanding non-existent tolls, and spent one horrendous night in her carriage in a thunderstorm beside a rapidly swelling river. All this was a long way from the life at Simla where "they were accustomed to feminine helplessness".

Back in England, Marianne found her exhibition had caused quite a stir and people were requesting her to give the paintings to the nation. Flattered, she offered to present them to Kew and to build a gallery for them. Characteristically, she chose an inconspicuous site where only those who made an effort would find it. However, Charles Darwin, whom she now met for the first time and much admired, told her she could not possibly pretend to show the world's flora without representing Australia and New Zealand. So off she went to Brisbane via Singapore.

The descriptions of her travels in the vast Australian continent are the best she wrote; she was delighted by the beasts and vegetation: "I had my first sight of a party of perhaps 20 kangaroos, all hopping down the hill in single file . . . I can fancy no more comical sight than a procession of these strange creatures . . ." She visited Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria and Western Australia, travelling by rail, on horseback or by coach along primitive or often non-existent roads in the outback sometimes with only a driver for company, "boiling the Billy" in the traditional manner *en route*. But all the time she gathered flowers. "I had a tin biscuit box half full of damp sand to put rare flowers in but the sand soon ceased to be damp . . . and the whole carriage as well as the box became full of them [flowers]."

Her journeys to Tasmania and New Zealand were less successful; the countries were "too English" and in New Zealand her old rheumatism recurred because of the cold. For the first time she wrote that she was homesick: "I wondered if I should ever get home to England to see my gallery finished."

She did return and saw the Marianne North Gallery opened on July 9, 1882. "Aunt Pop" as her family knew her, received her guests at the gallery door; 2,000 copies of the catalogue were printed and sold out by the end of the month. One man, not knowing who she was, said to her, "It isn't true what they say about all these being painted by one woman, is it?" She told him simply that she had done them all, at which he grabbed her hand and said "You! Then



Flying possums among the foliage of a gum tree and flowers of the tecoma or trumpet flower.

it is lucky for you that you did not live 200 years ago, or you would have been burnt for a witch."

Even after this climax to her career she would not rest. South African flowers were not represented in the gallery, so she resolved to paint there. When she returned she had to arrange for an extension to be added, she had so many extra paintings. The Seychelles came next: "The colours were marvellous in these clear seas . . . things so lovely I could hardly believe them real", and her paintings reflected this. But here her health finally began to fail; she heard voices and barricaded herself in her room for fear of being robbed.

Back home, before she set off on her final journey to Chile in 1884–85 to paint the *Araucaria imbricata*, the monkey puzzle tree, she received a letter from Queen Victoria thanking her for her gift to the nation. The Queen would have liked to have knighted her, there being at that time no appropriate title for women, but the Prime Minister, Gladstone, opposed the idea.

Marianne's nerves began to play her up again at the start of her trip to Chile and she wrote, "the torture has continued more or less ever since". Nevertheless, despite this, and at the age of 54, she still visited a rodeo in Chile, with 300 horsemen in "flaming ponchos

and hats as big as targets".

Finally content to stay in England, she spent her last years putting the finishing touches to her gallery, writing her autobiography and creating a garden of her own at Alderley in Gloucestershire, stocked with flowers from all over the world. Fighting ill health, she never stopped working and planning but she grew weaker and weaker. Her autobiography ends: "No life is so charming as a country one in England, and no flowers are sweeter or more lovely than the primroses, cowslips, bluebells and violets which grow in abundance all round me here." She died in 1890 at the age of 60.

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Illustrations enlarged to show detail

Winter in Old Russia

by Suzanne Massie

Although Russian life was changing rapidly in the second half of the 19th century, some things did not change. Among the glories of Old Russia were the beloved popular festivals and church celebrations that punctuated the year like exclamations of pleasure, gay holidays when the whole populace rich and poor joined together to celebrate with exuberance and joy.

The coming of winter ushered in the year's celebrations. For the West it is the rigours of the Russian winter that are legendary. In tones of awe, stories are told of how the snow begins in October and lasts until April, how the houses are sometimes buried up to their roofs and the winter nights last 20 hours. So intense is the cold that houses crack; travellers sometimes arrived in town frozen stiff and dead in the sleighs. Considering all this, one would suppose that Russians would dread the coming of the frost. Yet to the astonishment of Westerners, Russians found great magic and delight in winter. They greeted the first snow with joy and excitement. Robert Ker Porter, an English artist who lived and travelled extensively in Russia, wrote in 1813, "They sing, they wrestle, rumbling about like great bears among the furrows of the surrounding snow." It was a custom to make a wish as the first soft snowflakes began to fall. The sensual Pushkin wrote:

"... how healing
Is winter with its frost and sledge-rides
o'er the snow
Your love beside you close, her
trembling fingers stealing
Beneath the silken furs to curl around
your own
Their hot, their burning touch designed
for you alone!"
And in another verse, he joyfully
exclaimed, "How hotly kisses flame
under the snow!"

Théophile Gautier wrote lyrically of his first winter in Russia. In the extreme cold "winter takes on character and poetry. It becomes as rich in effects as the most splendid summer. The snow sparkles like diamonds and is redoubled in whiteness from the frost which hardens it. Trees crystallized with frost look like great ramifications of beaten silver, the metallic flowering of a fairy garden." The *Folk Encyclopedia* of 1845 begins its section on winter with these sentences: "Snow is an important matter to the Russian land. The respect that people accord to snow in the villages sometimes takes on very unusual proportions; around snow there are many myths, legends and customs."

In the deep forests the immense firs covered with snow stood like sentinels of an enchanted silence. The branches of the birch trees, bare of leaves but flowering with frost, had the fineness and elegance of ostrich plumes. On sunny days, the glittering land stretches to infinity, evoking that sense of unlimited space



Bell Ringers, a watercolour by F. de Haenen painted in about 1912.

which in Russian is lovingly called *prostor*. For travellers, it was like being on the sea, the endless expanse broken only rarely when suddenly, from behind a forest, would emerge immense caravans of sleighs, 100 to 150 together, one driver for each seven horses, laden with wares they were carrying to every part of Russia. Ker Porter wrote, "In the morning, as they advance toward you, the scene is as beautiful as it is striking. The sun, then rising, throws its rays across the snow, transforming it into a surface of diamonds. From the cold of the night, every man and horse is encrusted with these frosty particles. The manes of the horses and the long beards of the men have a particularly glittering effect."

In the villages winter was the time for carving and embroidery. Girls and women gathered together around the great stove. These gatherings had a name, *posedelki*. The girls embroidered and sang; the young men came to laugh, joke and flirt a little; the old *babushkas* told stories.

In village and city, houses were heated with great stoves in which birch wood, long-burning and smelling of fresh bread, crackled. The tall stove occupied a central part of all modest houses. In the *izbas* of the peasants, it served for cooking and heating, baking and sleeping. Benches ran all around it, and there were hollows and cornices for drying wet socks and clothes. On the platform of the stove people slept. Russian stoves were the most efficient of their kind ever invented. Made of earthenware, they warmed slowly and heated all day. In the city, six months a year houses were warmed from top to bottom by these great stoves. Sometimes there was one in each room; sometimes they were in the basement of houses which were centrally heated. It required great skill to set such stoves, and the Great Russians, especially the Muscovites, had attained a complete mastery of this business.

In the cities there was a whole winter way of life. Sledges glided along the frozen streets; people were wrapped in

furs of every variety—the humble in sheepskin and wolf coats, the rich in fox and sable. In buildings, public rooms for the poor were constantly heated; bonfires were kept in the streets for drivers and pedestrians. When the thermometer fell lower than 23° or 24° below zero, the police went around day and night to keep the sentries and *budishnik* awake and to watch for drunks who, if they once went to sleep in the snow, simply froze. People on the streets watched each other for tell-tale signs of frostbite. Without ceremony they would say, "Thy nose, daddy," and proceed to rub with snow a nose white as chalk. Despite the cold, the parades in front of the palace took place every day. The officers wore no cloaks; neither did the Emperor, who exposed himself to wind, snow and hail.

In Petersburg, wrote J. G. Kohl, "From all the houses, and likewise from the churches, which are heated, too, whirl thick columns of vapour, which appear as dense as if there were a steam engine in every house, and reflect all sorts of colours. The snow and ice in the streets and on the Neva are pure and white as though all were baked of sugar... The snow as you tread on it crackles and howls with the strangest melodies; all other sounds assume unusual tones in this frigid atmosphere; while a slight rustling or buzzing is continually heard in the air, arising probably from the collision of all the particles of snow and ice that are floating there."

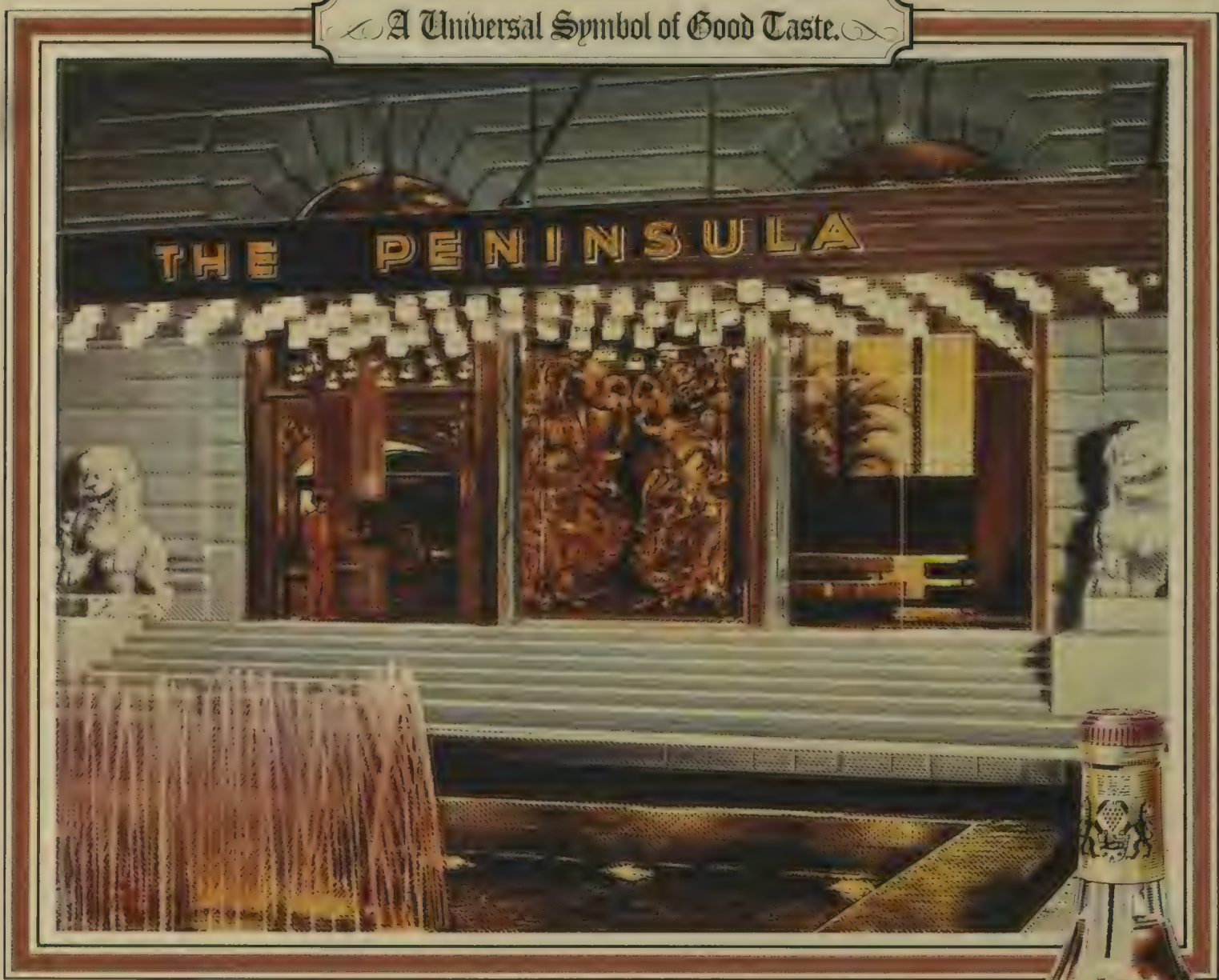
The windows of shops and restaurants blossomed with tracings of frost that looked like mysterious jungles of icy palms and fronds. In apartments and houses, people enclosed themselves behind double, triple and even quadruple doors. The double windows were put in in October and not until May were they removed and windows opened once again to the air. Salt or sand was put between the windows and heaped up in fanciful forms or planted with artificial flowers, each house arranging their windows differently, so that it was entertaining to make a tour on a bright winter's day to observe the fanciful ways in which these double windows were decorated.

All in all, "Winter in Russia," wrote the visiting French journalist Victor Tissot, "is not that grumpy and rheumatic old man who visits us and comes crying in our gutters and coughing in our chimneys. Winter in Russia is an invigorating shock. Winter here is a young man, full of verve and enthusiasm to whom festivals are owed." Summer was short and a time for work; winter was the time for holidays, and January and February the months of love and marriage. Many church holidays took place in winter.

At Christmas, there was carolling in the streets of towns and villages. Through the streets, boys carried ➡

This is an extract from *Land of the Firebird: The Beauty of Old Russia* by Suzanne Massie, to be published by Hamish Hamilton next spring.

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Winter in Old Russia

a painted star with a candle before it, turning it as they went and stopping in front of churches and houses to sing. Everybody participated in this caroling, not only the peasants. In the 19th century the Tsar himself in a sleigh, followed by his boyars and courtiers and led by two drummers, would go from house to house in Moscow and sing for the owners, who were expected to give gifts and treats. Peter the Great went thus to congratulate his friends, but in his own forceful style he kept a list of carollers and absentees were punished.

Christmas Eve was the last day of the six-week Christmas fast, and for all the devout, ancient custom dictated that no one ate until the first star glimmered in the sky. The traditional dish was *kutya*, boiled wheat sweetened with honey and sprinkled with poppy seeds or boiled rice with raisins and nuts. In some of the villages of southern Russia a custom prevailed which lasted well into our own century. Into the *izbas* was brought a mixed sheaf of barley, wheat and buckwheat tied together with a handful of hay. The sheaf was placed in the corner under the icons and beside it a pot of *kutya* with a candle stuck in the middle. Hay was spread on the table and covered with a white cloth in memory of the manger. Dinner began with a prayer for the New Year and finished with *kutya*. The head of the household first

threw a spoonful outside for Grandfather Frost, saying, "Here is a spoonful for thee; please do not touch our crops." A spoonful was thrown up on the ceiling; the grains that stuck prophesied the number of bees there would be in summer. Finally, upon rising from the table, everyone left some *kutya* in their bowls for their departed relatives.

On Christmas Day it was the custom for everyone in town and village to go visiting in their finest clothes. According to the *Folk Encyclopedia* of 1845, tables were spread in a special manner, traditionally with at least five varieties of nuts from Greece, the Volga and Siberia, as well as many kinds of pickled mushrooms, several sorts of special gingerbread cookies made from recipes of the various towns of Russia. "Apples, fresh and of all kinds, were spread on the table; some sweet as pears, others scrunchy as winter, those that were yellow and red together, apples preserved in sugar and dried, Ukrainian apples and apples stewed in *kvas*. Along with them, many dried fruits, large and small raisins, currants, cherries and two kinds of prunes, stewed and dried pears and dates."

The period between Christmas and New Year had, in Old Russia, a special joy and a special name, *Svyatki*. It was one of the gayest and happiest times of the year, "a time," says the *Folk Encyclopedia*, "when could be seen the boundless revelry which stirs Russian hearts and represents their true expansiveness. It was a time of close-

ness, which brought all those who were separated by generations together . . . for it was a time for love, dedicated to those who are fated for each other. In the villages the young could hold hands freely and because old people remembered the joys of the past they too grew younger. Old ladies reminisced tearfully of the days when they were maidens, they told stories and gave advice." During the week of *Svyatki*, most especially on New Year's Eve, it was the tradition to tell fortunes every day in a whole variety of ways. Several mirrors were placed to reflect one into another, and a candle was placed before them; one's fate might appear in the mirror. A shadow of a burning paper would be thrown on the wall; a large candle melted into a bowl of water, and the figure it made gave a clue as to who would be the beloved. In the villages, maidens and boys would make a circle and in front of each maiden a little pile of grain was placed. A hungry rooster would be brought in and the one whose grain he pecked first would be married within the year. Girls went out into the courtyard or street and asked the first passer-by his name; that was a clue to the name of the beloved. All this was immortalized by Pushkin in *Eugene Onegin*. Of his heroine, Tatyana, who kept the old customs of the country and who was hoping that Onegin might love her, he wrote with gentle humour: "Tatyana in the court appears, And, careless of the cold, is training A mirror on the moon, now waning;

The image trembling in the glass Is but the wistful moon's, alas . . . The crunch of snow . . . a step approaches; Straight to the stranger Tatyana speeds, Her voice as tender as a reed's, And rash the question that she broaches: 'Your name is—what?' He passes on, But first he answers: 'Agafon!'"

Only during *Svyatki*, says the *Folk Encyclopedia*, was "Ancient Russia resurrected . . . customs passed down from times immemorial, no one knew from where, unwritten, unexplained, passed on from the people of bygone years."

The snow of the night before Epiphany, January 5, was considered the most precious. In the villages old women collected it from the top of the haystacks, believing that it could whiten linen as not even the sun. Villagers believed that the snow collected on Epiphany Eve would keep well water fresh and preserve a spring even if there was not a drop of rain in summer. It could cure sickness such as poor circulation, dizziness and cramps in the joints; placed on the hearth, it could protect the household from the fiery snakes which flew through the air waiting to fly down the chimney and transform themselves into a handsome young man so charming that a maiden could not resist his wiles. "Bright stars bring white lambs" went the old proverb; the colder it was on Epiphany, the better would be the harvest.

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Winter in Old Russia

St Petersburg, on the day of the Epiphany, one of the most brilliant of religious ceremonies, the Blessing of the Waters, took place. This ceremony, a sanctification based on the Immersion of Jesus into the Jordan, was a rite dating far back into antiquity; foreign visitors found it both moving and mysterious.

In St Petersburg on the ice of the Neva a kind of open temple, supported by pillars, painted and gilded, surmounted by a golden cross and embellished with icons of John the Baptist, was erected. Inside, the temple was decorated with crosses and holy books and in the middle of the sacred enclosure a hole was cut in the ice and called the Jordan. An enclosure of fir boughs twisted together was placed at a distance from the temple and carpeted with scarlet cloth as was the temple and the platform for the procession.

After a liturgy held in the court chapel, the bishops and archimandrites issued from the Winter Palace in their richest habits, sewn with pearls and glistening with gold, and with lighted tapers proceeded to the Jordan singing anthems. In splendid attire, the imperial family and the court followed, and while the service was being performed, all the troops in the city were drawn up in an enormous ring on the ice of the Neva, with their standards waving and artillery planted ready to fire. After many prayers, the priest blessed the water with his uplifted hands three times and consecrated it by immersing a holy cross in the water three times, while cannons reverberated in solemn cadence. After the ceremony, mothers hastened to dip their children in the opening in the ice to bless them, and people flocked to draw water, for it was believed that the water so consecrated remained for years as fresh as when drawn from the river and had the power to cure the sick.

Horses were raced on the frozen rivers. The Samoyed tribes sometimes came down from the north to St Petersburg and gave reindeer sleigh rides on the Neva. In the villages there were snow forts and games. But of all the winter amusements, the most beloved and typically Russian were the ice slides or ice mountains which were erected in all villages and towns. Ice hills and the carnival towns which grew up about them on holidays were a very old and popular amusement, known since the 15th and 16th centuries. In a flat country such as Russia, hills are a sensation; Russians of all ages loved whizzing down these artificial ice mountains, a sport at which, having practised from childhood, they excelled.

As soon as winter came, in squares and public places all over the land, ice hills were erected, usually near a river. They were constructed of wood—a narrow long-legged temporary stage that rose to a height of 30 or 40 feet and sometimes even higher. The platform, to which one ascended by wooden stairs,



Ice Slide in St Petersburg, a watercolour by F. de Haenen painted in about 1912.

was supported by tree trunks and wooden pillars. Two such platforms were constructed to face each other and were set parallel so that the force of sledging down one would carry a rider all the way down to the steps of the other. He would then climb up and start back the opposite way. Like the side of an abrupt cliff, the slope was at first very steep, flattened out at the bottom, with sand at the very end of the course to slow down the flying sleds. The whole surface of the course was covered with large blocks of ice frozen shining and smooth in a few seconds by torrents of water thrown over them. In the villages, on simple ice hills, boys and girls went down swift as arrows, and kept the slope in good condition by bringing snow and pouring water on it. They carved small sleds of ice cakes or blocks, placing straw in the hollows and boring a hole at one end for a rope. In cities, in the large courtyards of houses, ice hills were erected for children.

Kohl wrote that one day, walking early through the streets of St Petersburg, he saw a snow hill constructed up to a roof from which there were children and servants, looking as if they had just got out of bed, happily sliding down on mattresses. The fun-loving Empress Elizabeth had a glorious ice hill at

Tsarskoe Selo designed by Rastrelli. It had a 150 foot course and a central building topped by a golden cupola 80 feet high. From it extended slides and switchbacks to the length of 900 feet. An apparatus driven by donkeys brought sleds up to the top of the hill.

The huge ice hills of Moscow and St Petersburg erected at Christmas and festival times at the expense of the municipality were extremely elaborate and an amusement for the entire population. The platforms were gaily decorated with open pavilions, often in a Chinese pagoda style, complete with bright fluttering flags. The sides of the course were ornamented with little fir trees. The slide was wide enough to accommodate as many as 30 sleds at a time and stretched the length of several city blocks. Workmen were engaged to smooth it until it was mirrorlike. Special sledmen wearing heavy stiff leather gloves stood at the bottom of the platforms with sleds, ready for a few kopecks to guide one expertly down. Two and sometimes three people flew down on a sled.

Ker Porter described the ride this way: "A sort of sledge, without projections of any kind, but in shape and flatness like a butcher's tray most fantastically ornamented with carving and

colours is placed on the summit of the hill. The native sits himself upon it, very far back, legs extending in front perfectly straight. The person to be conveyed places himself in front in similar attitude, and both remaining steady pass down the frozen torrent. The native guides with his hands, and so cleverly that they steer around groups of upset persons. Many go down alone, and others on skates, who fly forward in a perfectly upright position . . . The sensation excited in the person who descends in the sledge is at first extremely painful, but after a few times, passing through the cutting air, it is exquisitely pleasurable. This seems strange, but it is so; as you shoot along a sort of ethereal intoxication takes hold of the senses which is absolutely delightful!"

In principle, tricks were prohibited on these slides, but sometimes daredevil boys would go down lying flat on their backs on their sleds, arms crossed over their chests, or on their stomachs, head first, going so fast that the police could not catch them. People lined the course to watch and, although sometimes people tumbled all over each other at the end of the ride, surprisingly there were very few accidents. Decorous visiting English ladies seem to have worried most about the shocking immodesty of their petticoats flying over their heads.

Gautier wrote with obvious delight that in St Petersburg, "Often, after the theatre or an evening with friends . . . when the snow sparkles like pulverized marble, the moon shines clear and glacial and the stars scintillate with the vivacity which frost can produce . . . a group of young men and girls wrapped warmly in their furs make up a party to go sup on the islands; they climb in a troika and the rapid team, with its three horses spread fan-shaped, starts up with a tinkling of bells, stirring up a silver dust . . . A sleepy tavern is roused . . . the samovar heats, champagne is cooled, plates of caviar, ham, herring . . . and little cakes are arranged on the table. They chat, laugh and joke and then for dessert climb up one of the ice hills lit by torches and slide down; then it is back to the city around two or three in the morning, savouring in the midst of the whirlwind of speed in the lively, raw and healthy air . . . the voluptuousness of the cold."

The Russians loved sliding so much that even in apartments there were slides made of polished wood. The last Tsarevich, Alexis, and his sisters had such a slide of gleaming mahogany in the ballroom of the Alexander Palace and delighted in sliding down on pillows and whirling long distances on gleaming waxed floors. In the summer, the hills outdoors were sometimes converted to polished wood and people slid down on scraps of carpet, large pieces of smooth tree bark or little carts with wheels. In the late 19th century these carts were mechanized and these mechanized carts and hills in parks came to be known, quite inexplicably, as "American Hills", while everywhere else they were called, as in France, "Russian Mountains" or, as in America, the roller coaster—a Russian gift to the world.

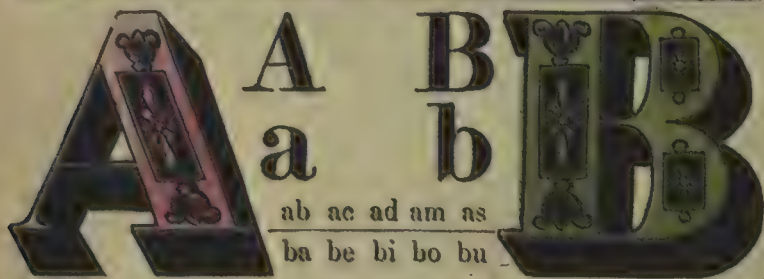
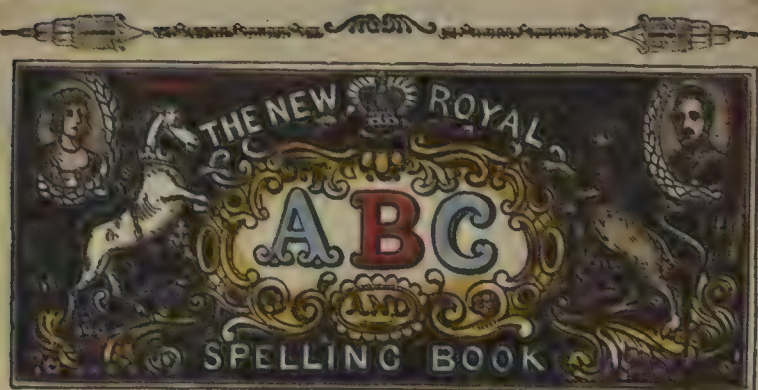
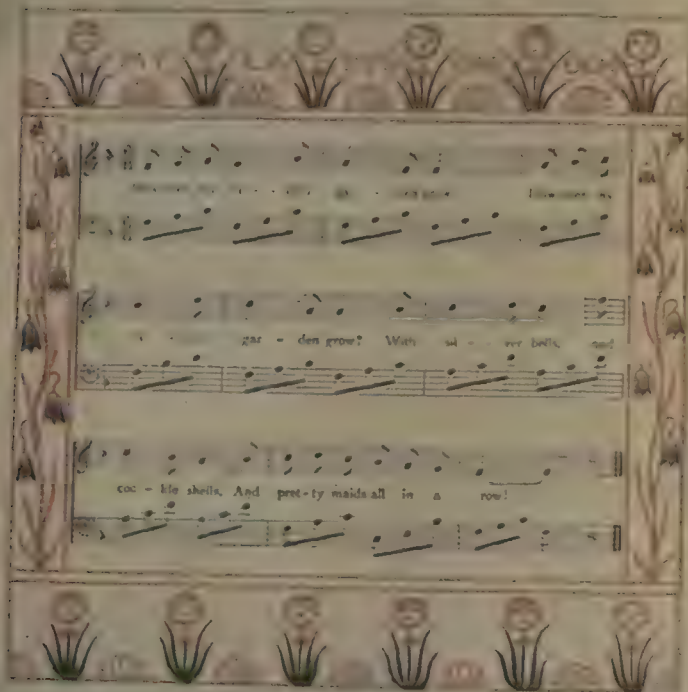
Childhood in the 19th century

The illustrations on this and the following pages are from *The Victorian Nursery Book* by Antony and Peter Miall, recently published by Dent. It deals with all aspects of the life of a child in the last century designed to prepare him for achieving the longed-for status of being a grown-up.



The village schoolmistress is using a horn-book to teach her charges the alphabet. Corrective aids are also employed if necessary.

Childhood in the 19th century



A was an Apple
That grew on a tree.

B a new boat,
That will hold you and me.



C was the Cat,
That caught all the mice.

D was a Doll,
All dressed up so nice.



This is the Palace the Prince built.



And this is the Man submitting his plan
To the Prince who approved, and said it was good,
That a Palace of Glass should be built on the grass,
For the great World's Fair, which has since been held there,
And that Palace so famed, is everywhere named,
The fine Crystal Palace the Prince built.



A STITCH IN TIME.

Opposite top, an illustration from *The Baby's Opera*, a book illustrated by Walter Crane and published at 5s. Opposite far left, a page from a mid-19th-century spelling book. Opposite left, a parody of "The House that Jack Built", written to mark the building of the Crystal Palace in 1851. Above, a nurse-maid and her charge collect the child's shoe from the local cobbler.

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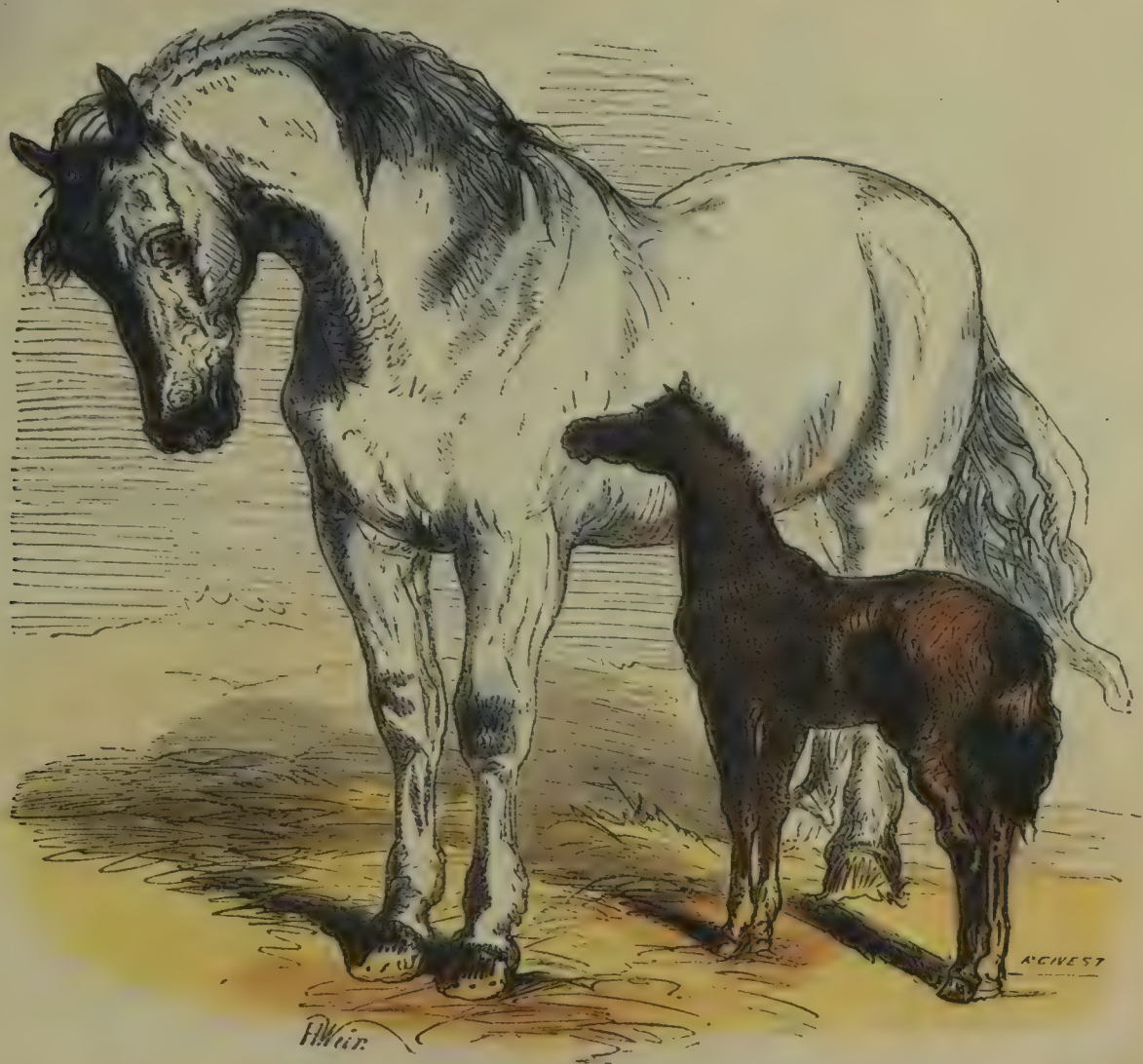
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MARE AND FOAL.



Madam Mare, how do you do? proud of your foal no doubt are you. He looks well formed, is sleek and slim, his tail is long, his mane is trim.

Bring him up well, and teach him his duty,
Nor let him grow vain of his grace and his beauty.

Few young animals look more interesting than the foal, which, while young, is particularly lively and playful; so much so as to give rise to the saying, "as lively as a colt." The Mare is a kind and watchful mother, and is very attentive to her offspring. When taken from the Mare to be broken in, as it is called, the Foal is trained to the particular kind of use or work for which it is most adapted, and then for the first time, is made to know the use of the bit, by which its driver is enabled to control its course, and direct its movements.

Rainbow dream

by Michael Foreman. Drawn by Freire Wright.



There was a boy
whose name was Dan

who longed for the time
he would be a man.



In bed at night
he could be all things:
a golden rider,
a king of kings.

But in the morning
the dreams would end;
whatever he ate
he was small again.



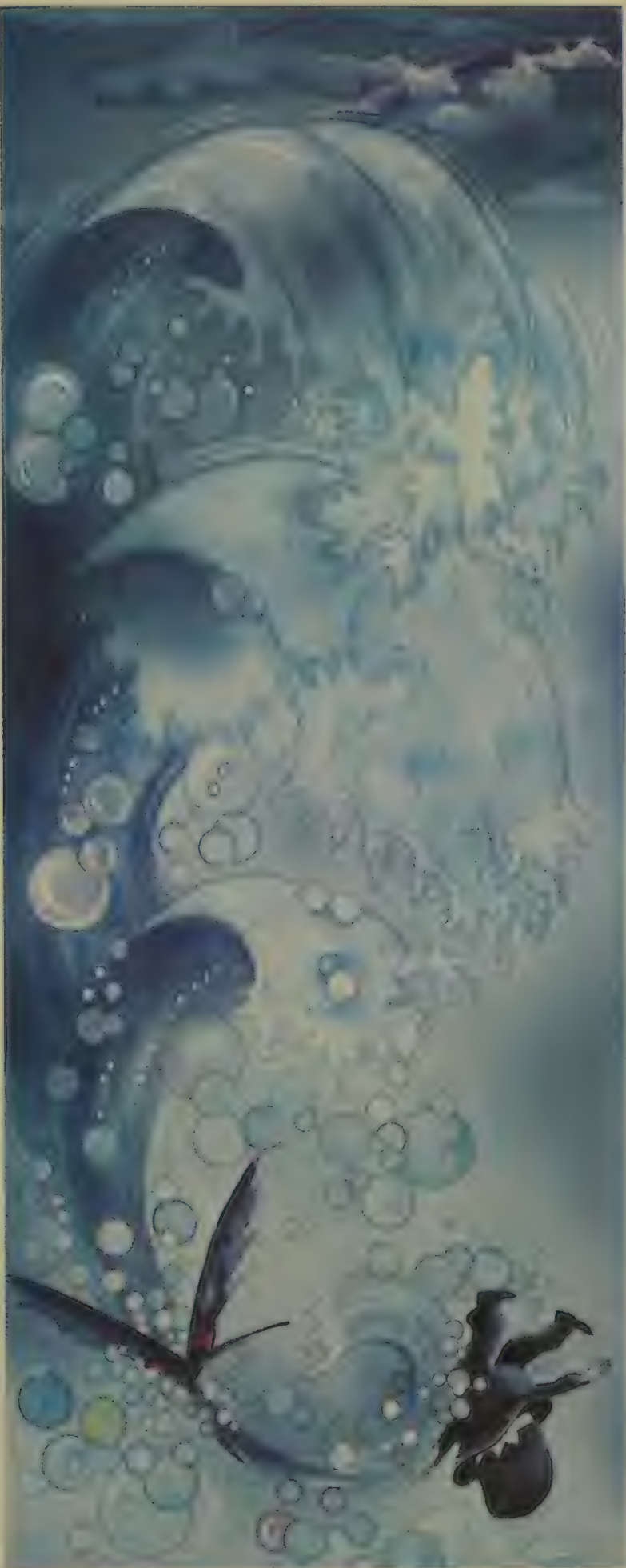
But one morning
the dream didn't end
and he travelled all day
on a rainbow that went
clean through the sky
like a hole in a tent,
up through the clouds
and over the stars
past flying fishes
and off to Mars.

And suddenly there
was a man in a hat

who muttered, "I talk
my best through that.

You can't go on
until I've spoken—
I'm serious now,
don't think I'm joking.

If you want to grow
beyond your years
wake up now
and wash your ears!"



But a Soapy Waterbird
with a roar
washed up the hatman
in a downpour.

Dan went farther
up the rainbow

on to where
the winds blow
tunes more beautiful
than dreams,
summer suns
and cool ice creams.



"Cabbages!" The rainbow shook.
Dan was shocked,
then saw the cook.
"Cabbages!" the cook repeated,
"cooked three times
and then reheated!
Greens are the things
to make you grow
big as a mountain
topped with snow.

Stringy beans
and globs of spinach!

Repeat the dose
each time you finish!
Wake up! wake up!
It's time to eat;
have some turnips
that smell of feet!"

Then a flying pea pod
grabbed her skirts
and gave the cook
her just desserts.



"Against the rule!
Against the rule!
Wake up now,
you're late for school."

Down flapped a dark
and ancient creature.
Dan recognized
his teacher.

"Study," he shouted,
"to grow at all.
Believe what I say,
I know it all.

All my life
I've been in school,
I've read everything
so I'm no fool."
But the wind
turned around
and tugged his gown
and tipped the teacher
upside down.

His knowledge had gone
to his head
and he fell from view
like a balloon of lead.



Dan reached the top
in the afternoon
and resting there
was the Man in the Moon.

The Moonman beamed
and said, "Hello,
I understand
you want to grow."

"Yes," said Dan,
"but it seems
to be a man
I must give up dreams."

"Never, never,
never do that
or you'll end up talking
through your hat.

Those people you met
had some good ideas
but there's more to life
than a clean pair of ears.

There's more to growing
than just getting taller—
when you're really old
you'll start getting smaller—
and there's more to growing
than just growing old.
Your dream's more important
than what you are told.

A man without dreams
is like a moon without beams,
like a ship
with no star to follow.
You may find your dream
in the leaves of a book
or in the leaves among trees
in a hollow.

So when you grow
from being a boy,
protect your dream.
Let no one destroy
the unicorns and angels
who play in your head
and watch them sometimes
when you're old in your bed.

And there will still be the wind
blowing tunes through the sky
and the happiest man
has the heart of a boy."



Dan smiled and said
"Goodbye" to his friend,

slid all the way home.
And this is the end.

September 3rd 1963 should have been the happiest day in Bob and Helen's life. But it turned into a round-the-clock vigil of 16 years.

They named her Mary. When she was born she weighed 4lbs and 3ozs.

Her parents, Bob and Helen, knew something was wrong but didn't quite know what lay ahead.

Mary was physically and mentally handicapped. After the initial shock, Bob and Helen pledged that they would sacrifice everything and devote the rest of their lives in helping Mary to face the world.

So Mary grew up at home. Day in and day out, year after year, the parents took turns to be with her. While Bob was at work, Helen did the housework.

For sixteen long years. Without rest, without a single holiday.

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Bob and Helen were able to take a holiday they richly deserved and recover from extreme stress built over sixteen years of constant attention. And Mary had a healthy change of environment in a home as attentive as her own.

At Dr. Barnardo's, we now run temporary relief homes that are, in fact, holiday homes for unfortunate children like Mary. These homes also provide parents like Bob and Helen the opportunity to take a vacation without worry. Because trained helpers provide all the care and alertness that handicapped children need.

Our help has no limits, but our money does. Skilled help like Mary needed costs a lot and every £ you give goes towards aiding those less fortunate than you.

Won't you send what you can today? For only £2, we can buy a set of paints. For £10, we can buy six educational books. For £100, we can feed five temporarily resident children for eight weeks. And it helps even more if you covenant to pay regularly. That way we can claim back tax, so every £1 you give is worth £1.50. Not a penny is wasted, because we know it is your money we are using. And all our helpers feel exactly the same way.

Please send what you can now for our temporary relief homes, day care centres, residential homes and schools. Your caring will reach out all the way to many unfortunate families and children like Bob, Helen and Mary.

We at Dr. Barnardo's, and the 7,000 children for whom we care, thank you for your help.

Please send what you can to me, Nicholas Lowe, Appeals Director, Room 827, Dr. Barnardo's, Tanners Lane, Ilford, Essex IG6 1QG.

We don't reveal true identities so as to spare distressing publicity.

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The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund still helps those who served, their widows and dependants. Each year we are spending more than £2,000,000 and demands on us are increasing as age and infirmity overtake the survivors. Inflation too, imposes an increasing burden on our resources.

We need your help now and for the future. Please remember the Fund in your Will. We gladly give advice on legacies, bequests and covenants.

Every donation we receive means we have more to give. If you know of anyone in need and who might qualify for help from the Fund please put them in touch.



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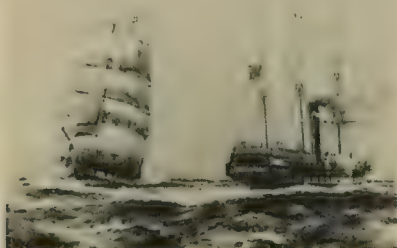
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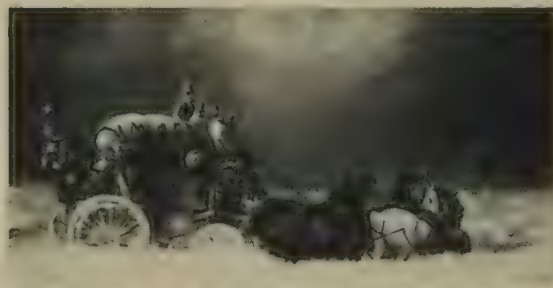
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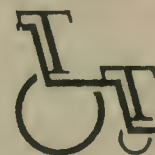
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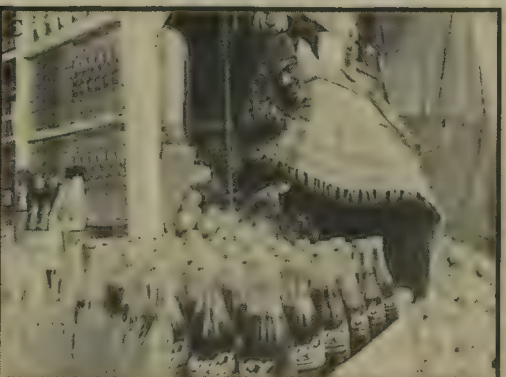
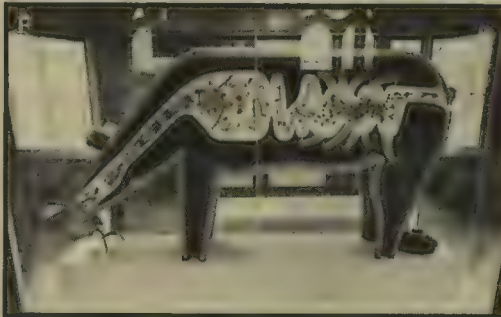
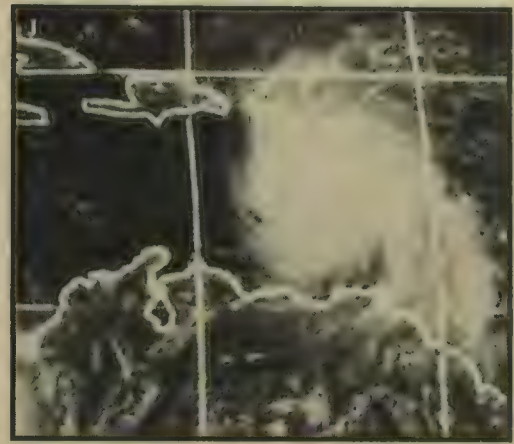
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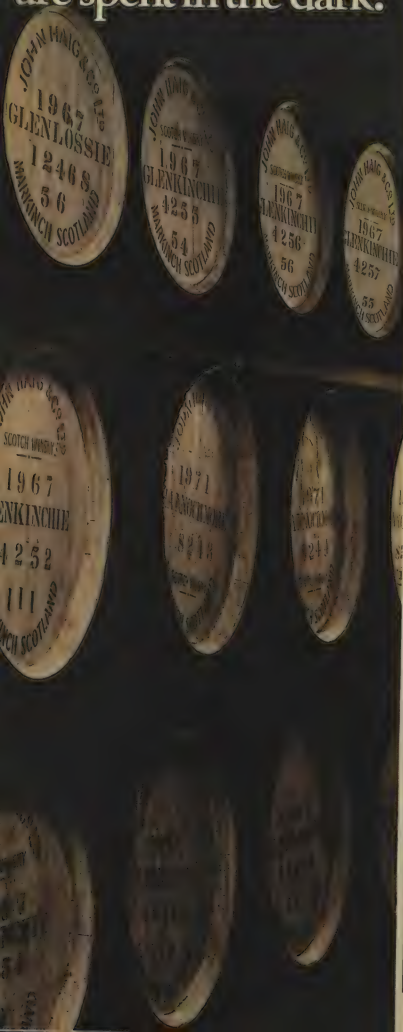
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Christmas Quiz

1 These pictures all appeared in the ILN during 1980.
Can you identify them? Answers on page 112.
More questions on pages 108-111.

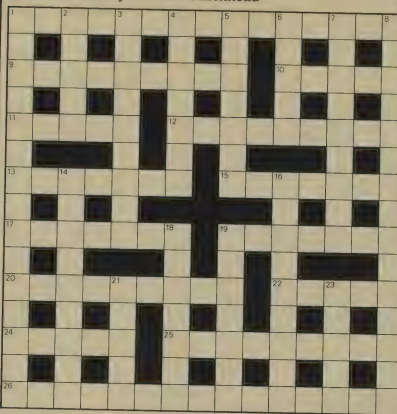


The first years
of a fine whisky's life
are spent in the dark.



Christmas Quiz

2 Crossword by Edmund Akenhead



Across

- 1 They clear the way for the Christmas visitor (7,8)
- 9 In good health again—like an ailing umbrella? (9)
- 10 Dog—conclusion's about right (5)
- 11 Council official after dropping rate is more confident (5)
- 12 The devout Celine's unable to be given a stretch (9)
- 13 Fresh drink for Gwent rugby team (7)
- 15 A middling sort of acid? (7)
- 17 Is a chap so unlucky to make a hundred? (7)
- 19 A sign that Tommy's unusually soft-hearted (7)
- 20 Figaro—such an artist! (9)
- 22 Turkish ambassador upsets Chile (5)
- 24 Athene was such a child of Zeus (5)
- 25 How Bill's altered! (9)
- 26 Christmas present helped to reform this old miser (8,7)

Down

- 1 Display of frankness—or of pateries (5,2,3,5)
- 2 Fall into the main current in this (5)
- 3 Negative response from Poe's December visitor (9)
- 4 King is seen in Ilium's set-up as the White Rose fighter (7)
- 5 Duck winged badly (7)
- 6 Could be a wide boy in film crowd (5)
- 7 Performance by the legislature (9)
- 8 MPs meet, settle comic new scheme (6,9)
- 14 See women's leader, a Mrs Swan, take a hundred in old Yorkshire (9)
- 16 Tourist (with tent) held a party for Spanish champion (9)
- 18 Tom tucked into mince pies—how corny! (7)
- 19 Those putting by about 50 items of silverware (7)
- 21 One of a number of such animals in the pound (5)
- 23 Russian's infirm, it's believed (5)

3 Bridge by Jack Marx

a The hands of West and North are:

♠ 10
♥ 76
♦ Q987
♣ A9753

♠ void
♥ K 9 8 5 4
♦ J 10 3
♣ K Q J 182

At Love All East as dealer has opened Three Spades and with no further opposition South has become declarer at Six Diamonds. West leads Club King. North wins with Ace and East and South follow with Ten and Six. South now draws three rounds of trumps, ending in dummy; East follows

to one round and then discards Spade Three and Four. Spade Jack is led from dummy to East's King and South's Ace. West pitching Heart Four. South leads a small club. West wins with Jack and East throws Spade Five.

What should West lead now? Why?

b The hands of West and East are:

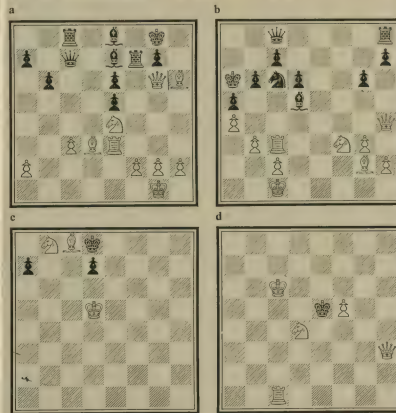
♠ 87 ♠ A K 9 6 4
♥ A Q 7 3 ♥ 5 6 5
♦ 3 ♦ A J 6
♣ A Q 10 8 7 5 ♣ 4 3

East has become declarer at Three No-trumps at Game All with no opposing bidding. South has led Diamond Four and North has played the King. How should East plan the play?

c At Game All the Dealer, East, opened One Heart and thus faced South with a choice of calls, none of which is wholly satisfactory. His hand was: ♠ A Q 10 5 ♥ A 10 8 4 ♦ void ♣ A J 10 7 5. What would be your order of preference for the following calls open to South: One Spade, Two Clubs, Three Clubs, Pass, One No-trump, Double?

d At the score East-West Game North as dealer opened One Heart. East-West did not bid. South responded Two Diamonds. North rebid Two Spades and South Three Clubs. South's hand is: ♠ 6 4 ♥ void ♦ A K J 9 7 5 ♣ K Q 10 5 3. What should he call if North's next bid is i Three Spades ii Three Hearts iii Three No-trumps?

4 Chess by John Nunn



It is White to play in the four positions above. Diagrams a and b are from games and you have to work out how White won. Diagram c is a composed position, but the objective is the same, namely to find how White can win. In diagram d White is winning, but the problem is to discover how White, to play, can force mate in three moves.

5 Which is the odd man out and why?

- a Skunk, weasel, fox, wolverine, otter
- b Beryl, emerald, sapphire, aquamarine
- c Buckthorn, sloe, bryony, privet
- d Oystercatcher, avocet, storm petrel, sandpiper, phalarope

6 What are the following?

- a Marans, Ancona, Wyandotte, Indian Game, Andalusian
- b Simmental, Dexter, Lincoln Red, Kerry, Belted Galloway
- c Landrace, Gloucester Old Spots, Tamworth
- d Connemara, Dale, Fell, Highland

7 Place the following in ascending order of magnitude, with their wind forces:

- a fresh breeze b calm
- c storm d strong gale
- e high wind f moderate breeze
- g whole gale

8 Place the following army units in ascending order of magnitude:

Battalion, corps, division, platoon, regiment, section

9 In which town or city of the British Isles can be found?

- a An unfinished granite structure reminiscent of the Colosseum in Rome called McCaig's Folly
- b Three famous spires known as the Ladies of the Vale
- c The Time Ball Tower, which used to give Greenwich Mean Time to passing ships
- d A former snuff mill which now contains a camera obscura
- e The grave of Elihu Yale, founder of Yale University
- f A bridge lined with shops modelled on the Pontevecchio in Florence
- g The original of Betsy Trotwood's house in David Copperfield

10 What are the main ingredients of the following meat garnishes?

- a à la forestière
- b à la boulangère
- c à la bourgeoise
- d à la maitre d'hôtel

11 In which years did the following events take place?

- a Indira Gandhi became Prime Minister of India; Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* was published; Manuel Santana won the men's singles title at

It seems only fair its
last days should
be spent the same.



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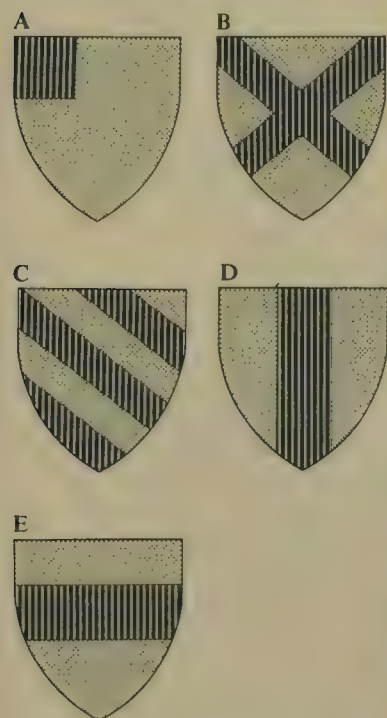
Christmas Quiz

Wimbledon.
b Crown Prince Rudolf committed suicide at Mayerling; Adolf Hitler was born; Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* was published; *The Gondoliers* was given its first performance.
c Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were executed; David painted *The Murder of Marat*; Paganini, aged 11, made his debut as a violinist; Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.
d F. D. Roosevelt was inaugurated as US President; Garbo starred in *Queen Christina*; *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* was one of the year's popular songs.
e Richard Nixon resigned after Watergate; Solzhenitsyn was exiled; Valery and Galina Panov were given permission to leave the USSR; *The Sting* won the best picture award.

12 What have the following in common?

- a Cztery, fire, frya, dörr
b Tup's Indispensable, Treacle Parkin, Sherry Spinner, Shining Black Silverhorn
c The films *The Iron Horse*, *The Informer*, *The Quiet Man*, *Young Mr Lincoln*
d The singers Christopher Royall, Richard Hill, Rodney Hardesty
e The London theatres Victoria Palace, London Palladium, Coliseum
f Charles II, Louis XIV, Oliver Cromwell, Alexander the Great

13 The following are charges placed upon a shield in heraldry: bendy, canton, fess, pale, saltire. To which of the following diagrams do these terms refer?



14 Who said, or wrote, of whom?

- a God was bored by him.
b [He] writes fiction as if it were a painful duty.
c His letters teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing master.

d [He] is hardly to be compared with Molière either in respect of art or of insight into manners.

e ... the prince of poets—so we say.

A little heavy, but no less divine.

f Weary of love, devoured with spleen
I rest, a perfect Timon, at nineteen.

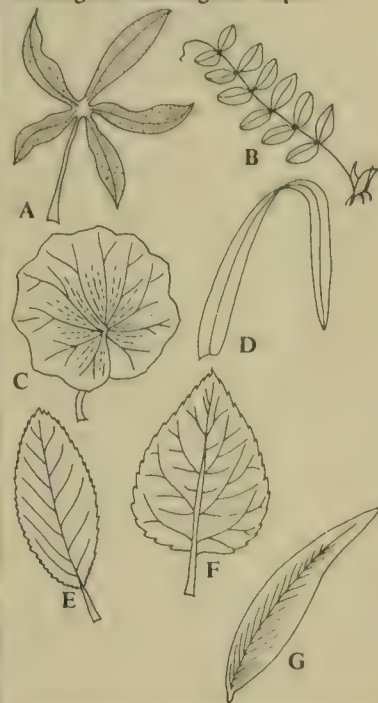
15 The following BBC sports commentators were all top sportsmen and women. Which sports did they play, and when did they retire?

- a Peter Alliss; b Richard Pitman; c Nigel Starmer-Smith; d Tom Graveney; e Ann Jones; f Ron Pickering.

16 These portraits are all in the National Portrait Gallery. Can you name the personalities depicted in them?



17 Give the botanical adjectives describing the following leaf shapes:



18 Who wrote the following extracts?

a In a farmyard near the middle of this village stands, at this day, a row of pollard-ashes, which, by the seams and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly show that, in former times, they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity.

b The great meadow hedge—the highway of the birds—where it approaches the ha-ha wall of the orchard, is lovely in June with the wild roses blooming on the briers which there grow in profusion. Some of these briers stretch forth into the meadow, and then, bent down by their own weight, form an arch crowned with flowers. There is an old superstition about these arches of brier hung out along the hedgerow: magical cures of whooping-cough and some other diseases of childhood can, it is believed, be effected by passing the child at sunrise under the brier facing the rising sun.

c I have heard that a man curious to know how far his bees travelled in a summer's day got up early one morning & stood by one of the hives to powder them as they came out with fine flour to know them agen & in the course of an hour afterwards he observd some of them at the extremity of the Lordship & having to go to the market that day he passd by a turnip field in full flower about 5 miles from home & to his surprise he found some of his own in their white powdered coats busily humming at labour with the rest.

d Below Tybella a bird singing unseen reminded me how the words of a good man live after he is silent and out of sight...

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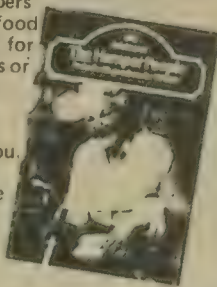
Most horses eventually finish in villagers' carts, like this worn out (blind) grey, just rescued, in great pain from acute laminitis.

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Answers to quiz

1A A Hatton Garden dealer holding up a gold ingot valued at £40,000 which four weeks earlier would have been valued at £28,000. An illustration of the "gold rush" of the first weeks of 1980.
B The Greek cargo ship *Athina B*, marooned on Brighton beach after having been blown ashore in a gale in January.
C Business as usual in Kabul, despite the Russian occupation of Afghanistan.
D Prince Andrew with the oak sapling given him as a joke after he passed out from the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, in April.
E The end of the six-day siege at the Iranian Embassy in London in June, as one hostage, a

BBC sound recordist, scrambles to safety.

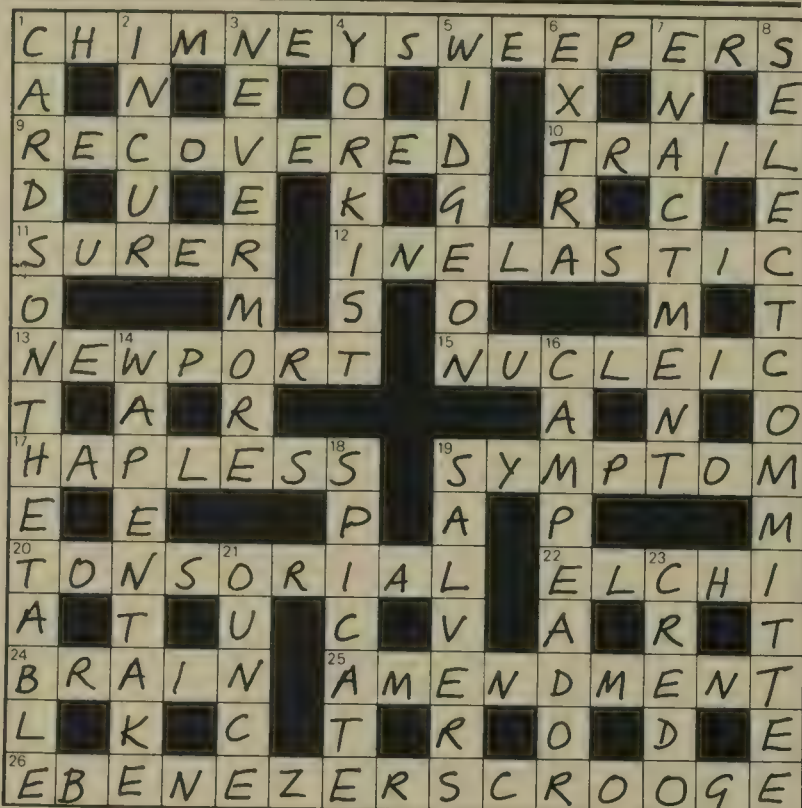
F The Natural History Museum wins the *ILN's* Museum of the Year award; this is one of the displays there.

G Volcanic ash from Mount St Helen's, which erupted in Washington State, USA, in May.

H Wimbledon, 1980, the wettest since 1927.

J Hurricane Allen, the most powerful to hit the Caribbean this century, which killed more than 200 people.

K Godfrey Evans, former Kent and England wicket keeper, playing for the Old England team in a curtain-raiser to the Centenary Test match at the Oval. The team lost to Old Australia.



3 Bridge

a King of Hearts. West can count the unseen hands up to a point. East had singletons in diamonds and clubs and therefore seven or eight spades (in view of his bid) and three or four hearts. South had five diamonds and two clubs and therefore four or three spades and two or three hearts. It would also seem that South holds the Spade Queen, unless East is an inveterate and inconsiderate false-carder. That he should have covered the Spade Jack is quite intelligible, for this will have prevented an immediate discard of one of dummy's hearts, provided he holds the Nine. South must be credited with the Heart Ace, and if he holds the Queen as well West cannot defeat the contract, for obviously a club lead from him will be as fatal as a heart. If he holds Ace and only one other heart but not the Queen, it will not matter which heart West leads, for then South will hold two losers with only one trump in dummy to look after them. But if, as seems more likely, he holds three hearts and those three are Ace, Jack, Ten, West must lead the King, for a small one will force out East's Queen. South can then enter dummy with Spade Ten, return to hand via a club ruff, throw dummy's heart on Spade Queen, play Heart Jack to force West to cover and still have a trump for re-entry to his hand to take his established Heart Ten.

b Clearly the problem is to prevent North getting in to lead through the diamonds. The double finesse in clubs is an odds-against chance and should not be tried if anything better can be discerned. Holding up the Ace of Diamonds until the third round will succeed if South holds six of the suit, but his lead suggests that he does not. If North holds the guarded King of Clubs, the contract will almost certainly fail. The opposite assumption must therefore be made. One very good plan for East is to win the first trick, and to play a small club at the second, finessing the Queen if South plays small and allowing him to

hold the trick if he plays the King. If the Queen finesse holds, East should return to hand with a spade and play a second club; if South plays small, the Ace should be played and South will then be compelled to win the third round; if South plays the King, he is allowed to hold the trick.

Another and better plan is to win the second trick with the Club Ace, return to the East hand with a spade, play a small club and, if South plays small, go up with the Queen. This provides against North winning with the singleton King of Clubs. The one objection to this second method is risk of incurring a greater penalty should the contract prove impossible.

c Suggested order of preference is Two Clubs, One Spade, Double, Pass, One No-trump, Three Clubs.

With no extra-sensory gifts, South is not enviably placed. To bid may be disastrous, to pass may let slip an opportunity that may never recur. The best he can do is to blend enterprise with caution. Three Clubs is simply reckless; the suit is not good enough and he will not know what to do if partner responds with diamonds, when he will be manoeuvring at an uncomfortably high level on a misfitting hand. One No-trump with one suit completely absent is clearly a call to be avoided. A Pass may end well if there is trouble brewing for whoever buys the contract, but if this is not so the time lost will probably never be recovered. The double has its dangers if partner turns awkward and persists with diamonds, but South may be able to wriggle not too painfully into something more suitable. One Spade has the disadvantage that the bidding may rise too high for clubs to be bid at all and then only at the price of misleading partner as to respective suit lengths. Two Clubs is on the whole the best available move, for though it does not really do justice to the strength and promise of the hand, it is made at a level low enough to entice the other three players to come out into



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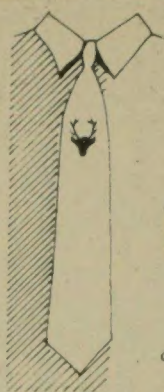
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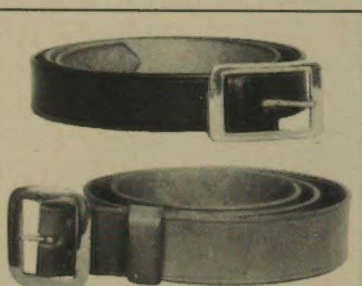
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Answers to quiz

the open and disclose the nature of their hands. It is fear of the unknown that causes South to view his hand with certain misgivings. If later he decides to show his spades, he will at least not be inviting preference from his partner for a suit that he does not prefer.

di Four Spades; alternative, though rather feeble, Pass. No doubt South was at one time happily spending the money in anticipation, but by now prospects are not quite so radiant. As North has at least 11 cards in the majors, it would be foolhardy for South to attempt to play the hand in a minor. Communications between the two hands will be too difficult for no-trumps to be seriously contemplated. There must be a fair chance of scrambling ten tricks at spades, since North appears to hold a by no means negligible five-card suit.

dii Three No-trumps; alternatives Four Diamonds, Four Clubs, Five Diamonds. This hand, though still a misfit, seems to be less so than i. As North has repeated his hearts, although he affirmed five cards in the suit when he bid spades, he probably has a 6-4-2-1 distribution. With three cards in the minors in dummy, South as declarer at no-trumps must have at least a fair chance of establishing one of these suits. Of the alternatives, Four Diamonds is to be preferred. There is no definite assurance of game in a minor, and as there can only be limited support in North's hand for either, it is better to play in the suit that is both longer and stronger.

diii Four Clubs; alternatives Five Clubs, Four Diamonds, Five Diamonds. Here the prospects of big things are distinctly rosy. North has no unbalanced monster in the majors, but most likely a substantial 5-4-2-2 or 5-4-3-1 distribution. South is best advised to approach gently, thus enabling North to show preference, possibly even jump preference, for one of South's suits at a level which still leaves room for exchange of information on controls. If North has the right cards, even a grand slam cannot be ruled out.

4 Chess

a (Engels—Consultants, Ribeirao Preto, 1949)

1 Q—R7ch! KxQ 2 N—B6ch K—R1 (2... KxR 3 R—R3ch K—N4 4 R—N3ch followed by R—N6mate or R—N4mate as appropriate)

3 BxPch! KxR (3... RxR 4 R—R3ch mates) 4 R—N3ch and 5 R—N6mate or 5 R—N8mate.

b (Kasparian—Manvelian, Erevan 1939) 1 RxN! BxR 2 Q—B4ch K—N2 3 QxBch KxQ 4 N—K5ch K—B4 5 N—Q3ch K—Q5 6 K—Q2! and Black cannot prevent 7 P—B3mate.

c (J. Gunst, *Das Illustrierte Blatt*, 1922) 1 B—N7! (1 B—R6? K—B2 and White has no waiting move since 2 K—B5 fails to 2... P—Q3ch) K—B2 2 B—R6 KxN (Or else the knight escapes) 3 K—Q6 K—R1 4 K—B7 and 5 B—N7mate.

d (J. Cumpe, *Casopis Ceskych Sachistu*, 1916)

Only 1 R—KR1! succeeds, with the variations

1... KxN 2 R—K1 K—B5 3 R—K4 or

1... K—B5 2 K—Q5 K—N4 3 Q—R6 or

1... K—K5 2 Q—KN3 KxN 3 R—R4 or

1... K—B3 2 Q—R8ch K—N4 (Or else 3 R—R7 3 Q—R4.

5a Fox; all the others are members of Mustelid family

b Sapphire, which is blue corundum; the others are all beryllium and aluminium silicate

c Sloe, which does not have poisonous fruits; the others do

d Storm petrel, which is a member of the order Procellariiformes; the others are all of the order Charadriiformes

6a Breeds of chicken

b Breeds of cattle

c Breeds of pig

d Breeds of pony

7 Calm—0, moderate breeze—force 4, fresh breeze—force 5, high wind—force 7, strong gale—force 9, whole gale—force 10, storm—force 11

8 Section, platoon, battalion, regiment, division, corps

9a Oban, Strathclyde

b Lichfield Cathedral, Staffordshire

c Deal, Kent

d The Observatory, Bristol, Avon

e Wrexham, Clwyd, in the churchyard of the

Church of St Giles

f Bath, Avon; the Pulteney Bridge

g Broadstairs, Kent

10a Sauté cepes or morels, bacon and *pomme* *noisettes*

b Sliced raw potatoes and onions, baked with the meat

c Balls of carrot, fried onions and diced bacon

d Artichoke bottoms, *sauce soubise* and *purée* of white haricot beans in tartlets

11a 1966, **b** 1889, **c** 1793, **d** 1933, **e** 1974

12a They all mean four, in Polish, Danish, Swedish and Turkish

b They are all fly patterns for fishermen

c They were all directed by John Ford

d They are all counter-tenors

e All had Frank Matcham as architect

f All suffered from malaria; the last two died of it

13a canton, **b** saltire, **c** bendy, **d** pale, **e** fess

14a Victor Hugo, of Napoleon

b Oscar Wilde, of Henry James

c Dr Johnson, of Lord Chesterfield

d Voltaire, of Shakespeare

e Byron, of Milton

f Byron, of himself

15a Ryder cup golfer, last in 1969, but still plays in top company occasionally

b National Hunt jockey, retired 1975

c England Rugby Union international, retired 1974

d England cricketer, retired 1971

e Wimbledon women's singles finalist, retired 1969

f National athletics coach, retired 1967

16a Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, by S. Slocombe

b James Cook, circumnavigator and discoverer, by J. Webber

c Marie Stopes, palaeobotanist and founder of family planning clinics, by Sir Gerald Kelly

d Madame Marie Tussaud, modeller in wax, by F. Tussaud, her son

e Michael Faraday, scientist, by T. Phillips

f Leslie Howard, actor, by R. G. Eves

g George Frederick Handel, composer, after T. Hudson

h Sir Thomas Beecham, conductor, by G. T. Stuart

j Thomas Cubitt, builder, artist unknown

k Jenny Lind, singer, by A. D'Orsay

l Ernest Bevin, statesman, by T. C. Dugdale

m Thomas Paine, author of *The Rights of Man*, by A. Millière after an engraving by Romney

n G. K. Chesterton, poet, novelist, critic and for many years columnist for *The Illustrated London News*, by J. Gunn

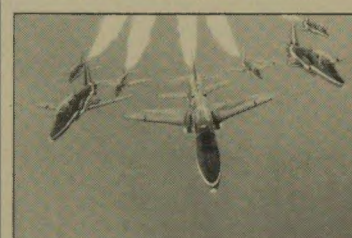
p Sir John Alcock, aviator, who made first non-stop Atlantic crossing, by A. McEvoy

r Sir Stafford Cripps, statesman, by I. M. Cohen

17a palmate, **b** pinnate, **c** orbicular, **d** linear, **e** elliptic, **f** ovate, **g** lanceolate

18a Gilbert White, in a letter to the Hon Daines Barrington, **b** Richard Jefferies, in *Wild Life in a Southern County*, **c** John Clare, in *Natural History Letters*, **d** Francis Kilvert, from his *Diary*.

Red Arrows Print

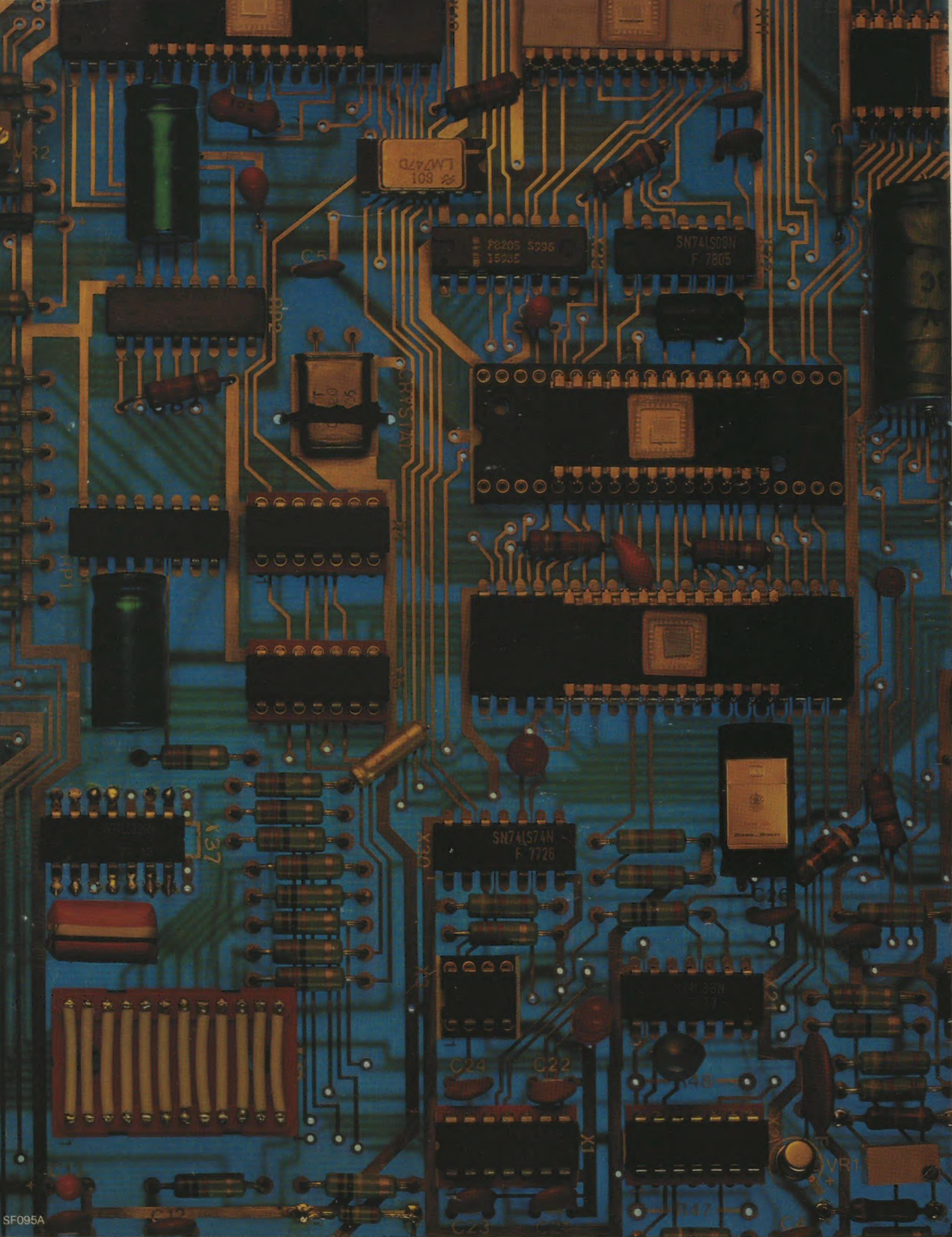


Prints of Richard Cooke's photograph of the new Red Arrows, which appeared in the June issue of *The Illustrated London News*, are still available. Printed on art paper, size 450 mm x 582 mm, they cost £4.50 each (inc P&P).

Send a cheque or PO, made payable to *The Illustrated London News*, to: The Illustrated London News (Red Arrows) 4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL

Merry Courvoisier and a Happy New Year





SF095A

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH